A Moth to Flame

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A Moth to Flame

by AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Summary

Will Graham is a bartender with a few secrets he doesn't let his patrons in on but a select few. Hannibal Lecter, a new customer, being one of them.
“Do you find it fulfilling?” Hannibal asked, finally taking a sniff and lingering sip of his Chianti. He hummed, pleased at the flavor and set it down with a quiet clink.

“It works for me. I work the hours I want, the tips are great, and it’s very little personal chatter, so even better,” Will said, giving the doctor a knowing look. He didn’t delve into his personal life at work, he preferred to keep it that way.

Hannibal chuckled once at the insinuation with the last part of that statement and sipped his drink once more. “I am a psychiatrist. Delving into the mind is what I do,” he explained, though he was interested in Will. He sensed a power within, a hiddenness that lured him like a moth to a flame.

Notes

We were inspired by the Quick Silver Series by Weconqureatdawn to do an older gender fluid Will Graham. We hope we're getting this right.

Chapter 1

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Chapter Summary

> Thank you for reading, please keep in mind we are in the middle of editing this fic to reflect transgender pronouns. It's 6/7/2021
> Please also note, this story line is based around the movie Silence of the Lambs, neither author of this fic is transphobic.

On any good day, Will felt the most comfortable in the classy bar, serving up drinks to those who paid him little mind. He would often dress the part, in nicer clothes, vest included, forgoing a tie and leaving the top buttons undone. He always slicked back his hair and tied it with a rubber band. His job could get busy, he liked the freedom. Perfectly combed hair always lost its luster by the end of the shift, but by that point, Will hardly cared, he'd go home and he'd sleep it off and decide his hair the next morning. He never conformed one way or another, but did respect the rules of society especially where he worked.

Cleaning a glass with a rag to dry it, Will watched as the first of many others entered the bar, commute workers finally home and ready to unwind. One such customer was a well dressed man, in his early fifties. He walked up to the bar, pressing down on his cream colored, pinstripe, double breasted suit with a brown and gold paisley tie, sitting down on the bar stool. He looked a bit out of place but still held himself as though he owned the establishment.

Looking at the bartender, the patron let his eyes roam up and down, briefly, fingers lacing on the top of the bar counter where it was freshly wiped. "Hello. I'd like a Chianti, please."

Will offered his best smile and set the glass down he'd been drying and then pulled a wine glass down from overhead. "I have a few, a reserve and one that's not as good," Will said, knowingly.

"Ah, you've made it a rather easy decision then," the elegant man smiled back, canting his head *just so*. "I'll have the reserve and forgive me for not introducing myself initially, I'm Doctor Hannibal Lecter."

Pulling the black label reserve Chianti from under the counter, Will twisted the cork out once more and poured some into a second glass and smelled it first to make sure it was still good. Convince it was after a taste, he poured the Doctor a glass and slid it over to him.

“Will,” the brunet said with a small smile in turn, offering his hand after wiping it on a towel. “You’re new around here, or just driving by?”

“New enough, yes,” Hannibal answered, shaking Will’s hand as he took in an assessing breath and thanked him for the drink. It was hard to detect too much about him with all the other distracting and not appealing smells lingering in the bar, but he caught it. Just a ghost of dogs, pine and something else under that. “This is also the first time I've been in this establishment. Quite the pleasure to make your acquaintance, Will.”

“Thought so,” Will replied and handed Hannibal a little menu with bar bites on it. “It’s not a big list, but they offer a few things, if you’re hungry.”

Hannibal glanced at it, out of courtesy and then handed it back. “Thank you, but I am very particular about what goes into my body. I prepare and cook my own meals at home and when I do find myself forced to dine out, I usually insist on speaking with the head Chef,” he explained, straightening his tie. “I’d much rather focus on you. Tell me, have you worked here very long?”

Will’s brows raised into his hairline as he took the menu back, not at all offended, the list was not good anyway. “I’ve worked here a while. Five plus years.”

“Do you find it fulfilling?” Hannibal asked, finally taking a sniff and lingering sip of his Chianti. He hummed, pleased at the flavor, and set it down with a quiet clink.

“It works for me. I work the hours I want, the tips are great, and it’s very little personal chatter, so even better,” Will said, giving the doctor a knowing look. He didn’t delve into his personal life at work, he preferred to keep it that way.

Hannibal chuckled once at the insinuation with the last part of that statement and sipped his drink once more. “I am a psychiatrist. Delving into the mind is what I do,” he explained, though he was interested in Will. He sensed a power within, a hiddenness that lured him like a moth to a flame.

Will rolled his eyes and turned his head away to look at the TV playing the MMA fight, to make sure it was still that and hadn’t changed to something else. “That’s not too surprising. You said doctor and my inner monologue suggested shrink.”

Wrinkling his nose, Hannibal pursed his lips at that word, all done in a microexpression but still present. What was curious was the bit about the inner monologue. Was it just speculation or something more? It was enough that it made any rudeness from Will become null and void. Immunity. “It's difficult to simply shut one’s nature off, wouldn't you agree?”

“I do it every day,” Will said with a nonchalant shrug, his gaze slipping back to the doctor as he realized what he’d said. “Kinda have to here. Sometimes.” Sometimes Will felt the part some days more than others.

Confirmation of Hannibal’s speculation. Perfect. He nodded his understanding, limited as it was considering he didn't know all of Will’s private details - yet. “Five years is enough to either make you an expert or perhaps, drive you to madness. Likely a bit of both, hm?”

“It’s a hell of a lot better than my past jobs. Sure, bartending is a waste of a degree, but I’m not left for wanting,” Will explained, nodding at the wine. “Is it okay?”

“It's delicious, yes,” Hannibal answered, taking another drink to show as much. He leaned forward a bit on the bar, thinking how he originally came in due to a man outside who shoved past him to get in. What a fortunate happenstance it all turned out to be. “If I may inquire, what is the degree that you are, as you put it, wasting?”

“Forensic science with a minor in psychology,” Will answered, without a beat. “Come to find out it’s a degree worth shit to a lot of places.”

Hannibal lit up like a Christmas tree at that, extremely pleased. It explained quite a bit though. “Nonetheless impressive, Will,” he said, taking another pull from his glass, nearly done now. “However, as long as you're happy… yes?”

“Uhm, yeah. Been happy for a while,” Will said with a furrowed look at the doctor.

“Good,” Hannibal said, not entirely believing it but it was early yet. He finished his drink and put cash on the table for the drink, another one, and a one hundred dollar bill for a tip. “I'll like another, please.”

Will eyed the bills laid out and pulled out the bottle to refill Hannibal’s glass. “When I said it was a reserve, I didn’t mean it was *that* much of a reserve.”

“No, I'm aware,” Hannibal chuckled and tipped his glass in thanks once it was full. “The rest is your tip. It is customary to tip one’s bartender, is it not?”

“... Yes, but this is well over what it should be,” Will said, not yet accepting the money.

“Are you worried I'm attempting to purchase you?” Hannibal asked, raising a curious brow as he looked at Will. That wasn't the case of course - the doctor was simply wealthy and enjoyed giving credit where it was due.

A soft flush crossed Will’s cheeks and he took the money and stuffed it into his pants pocket. “‘Course not.” He took the other money and ran Hannibal’s tab, and placed his change down for him.

Hannibal tilted his head at the flush, licking his lips at just how beautiful Will truly was. He had a feminine sort of look, and yet still manly. It was entirely appealing. “I'm pleased to hear it,” he said and took the chance since Will didn't keep that. “And if I were attempting to impress you with my assets, I must say you are worth far more than that.”

Ducking his head, Will gazed across the bar at a few new people sitting. “Gimme a second,” he said, and went over to set down coasters for the patrons, talking them up a bit before pouring up a few beers for them.

With a nod, the doctor watched, observing Will with an enchanted and intrigued gaze. He sipped his Chianti as he did, deciding two was more than enough. Hannibal also happened to spot the rather rude man who he'd come in after and he clenched his jaw, deliberating

internally before deciding that he'd much rather stay put. Fortunate for the pig that was staggering all over the place.

Will returned five minutes later with a look of surprise lit up in his eyes. “You’re still here,” he pointed out with a smile, not unaware that Hannibal was nursing the wine to stick around. Will got a lot of that.

“You requested that I wait,” Hannibal said with a wink, though he would have stayed anyway. He found he very much needed to see more of that look in Will’s eyes so he added, “not that I had planned on leaving either way.”

“Right,” Will smiled with a leveled looked at Hannibal. His suspicions on the doctor were leading nowhere, so the encounter, for now, was innocent enough. “Let me know if you need anything.”

“Will,” Hannibal called out, running his finger over the smooth surface of the bar top. “I wonder… when do you finish your shift tonight?”

“Around eleven,” Will said, honestly. This happened a few times a week, at least, be it male or female, Will never minded, but he always graciously bowed out. “You’ve caught me right in the middle.”

“And were I to return at eleven, I wonder if you would accompany me at my home or someplace else that doesn't suit you?” Hannibal asked, never one to deny himself something or someone he wanted, though wanting someone was hardly ever more than theatrics. With Will, he was intrigued, drawn in by more than just the beauty before him.

Will rubbed the back of his neck with one hand and sighed. Hannibal was forward, knew what he wanted, and where it was very endearing Will knew better. He simply knew how the world was toward him and outside of his box, there weren’t many who would endure who he was. “I’d have a drink at this bar with you if you wanted.”

“Fair enough,” Hannibal agreed, with a smile, not having meant he wanted to pay for any sort of sexual encounter. He did, however, wish to converse and get to know him much better. “Then I shall return at eleven, for a drink.”

“One condition,” Will said with a steady, challenging smile. “You have to drink what I drink.”

“I am not opposed to a stipulation if the reward is alluring as this one,” Hannibal smiled back and placed his hands in his pockets. “At eleven then, Will. A drink of your own choosing.”

“Eleven. I only wait ten minutes, after that, you’re put on my blacklist,” Will mentioned and wiped down Hannibal’s spot, taking the glass away to clean.

Hannibal raised a brow at that and then nodded. “I'm always prompt, Will. You needn't worry,” he said, and then with a tip of his head, he walked out, just as elegantly as he'd walked in.

Will watched the man go, shaking his head. He took care of his customers for the next few hours, and come eleven, he made two drinks and clocked out, waiting at a high round table in the corner for the doctor.

Walking over right at eleven, Hannibal smiled, pulling out the chair. He sat down and eyed the drinks. “Hello, Will. What have we here?”

“Hi,” Will said and pushed the cold, hard iced drink toward Hannibal. “It’s bourbon sweet tea.” He took his own and sipped on it through the tiny cocktail straws.

A feminine drink, by social standards and yet strong, he imagined. Fitting. Hannibal was getting the message already. Still, it wasn't something he was accustomed to drinking, but a deal was a deal. The doctor nodded and took up the drink into his hand. “Must I utilize the straws?”

“You can do whatever you want,” Will said with a shrug, drinking his own, and no one there paying him much mind once he was off work. The corner was secluded enough.

“I was merely wanting to go by your rules,” Hannibal reminded and then took a sip after sniffing. It wasn't bad. It wasn't to his liking entirely either but he was nothing if not a man of his word. “Not terrible after all.”

“I said you had to drink my choice. You decide how you consume it,” Will chuckled, leaning on the table with his elbows. “It’s an easy drink, gets the job done, and hydrates.”

“Yes, that it does,” Hannibal mused, unable to not smile at Will. “Thank you for the drink. Are you very tired from work?”

“Not really. I go home and feed the dogs and then I’m up for a few hours more,” Will explained, leaning to sip his drink, curls falling into his face, longer than they looked.

“I imagine you need to unwind, as they say,” Hannibal mused, picturing it in his mind's eye as he paid attention to those stunning curls. He took another drink, the flavor becoming less offensive and set it down. “How many dogs do you have?”

“Three,” Will said as he watched Hannibal with keen blue eyes under dark lashes that seemed unrealistically long. “Winston, Buster, and Posey.”

Three was three more than Hannibal liked but he didn't have to live with them, so he nodded, warmth in his eyes as he watched Will’s. Besides, the doctor was quickly realizing he would endure even that for the beautiful, intelligent person in front of him. “Far better company than the usual patrons of this bar, I'd imagine.”

“They don’t try to hit on me,” Will said with a sly look at Hannibal, brushing back the fallen strand that was far more curly than the rest of his hair let on, still mostly slicked back.

“No, that they don't,” Hannibal grinned, his sharp teeth flashing by the light of the dimly lit bar. He took another drink, already feeling it a little, and rubbed his finger over his full lips as he looked at that curl. “However, I have made it this far. I must be doing well enough, hm?”

“You have an interesting accent,” Will remarked as he leaned closer. “You interest me.” Not many people usually did, and that was Will’s issue as a whole with society.

Hannibal appreciated Will’s directness and he leaned closer too, drinking him in figuratively as he literally drank his mixed beverage. “Do I?” he asked, rhetorically and canted his head a tick. “You enchant me. The accent is Lithuanian and I cannot help but notice you possess one of your own, though it seems you try to hide it.”

“I’m from the south, nothing as exciting as Lithuania,” Will flirted, fingers skating over the rim of his glass.

“I assure you, you are entirely exciting,” Hannibal flirted back and took in Will’s scent, detecting it much better at this proximity. It was woodsy and floral all at once with a back little bit of tonka bean at the base.

“You have no idea.” Will sipped on his drink, taking his time to enjoy it.

“Enlighten me then,” Hannibal grinned around his drink, challenging Will coyly but also he truly wanted to know more. He had a few ideas of course.

“There’s no fun in telling you,” Will chuckled, licking his lip before sucking through the straws once more.

“No,” Hannibal rasped and let his eyes follow that sweep of tongue before taking another pull from his beverage. “I suppose you're right. I look forward to finding out on my own.”

“That’s what people in your line of work do, isn’t it?” Will asked, sitting back on as he held the sweating cup between both hands on the table.

“Yes, it is one of the things we… shrinks, do,” Hannibal chuckled, feeling the effects of the drink stronger than he anticipated. “I wonder if you chose this drink to remove some of my composure,” he teased.

“It does sneak up on you,” Will answered quietly, rubbing his thumb through the condensation on the glass. “It’s more bourbon than iced tea, but the sugar in it masks the sting.”

“I can see it does,” Hannibal said licking his lips before taking another drink. It was getting better at least. “An excellent choice.”

“You don’t have to lie,” Will huffed, shaking his head. “I usually make it at home. This or a straight whiskey.”

“It wasn't a lie at all, it's quite the excellent choice for getting the job done, as you said before,” Hannibal explained, mirth and mischief in his powerful eyes.

“My intention wasn’t to get you drunk,” Will insisted, taking another sip of his own drink. So far, he didn't mind the uptight doctor’s candor or his intrusiveness. Will could walk away at any moment and go back to his life away from this.

“I'm not inebriated yet,” Hannibal assured, taking another sip before setting it down. He looked at the way Will’s hair was pulled and knew he needed to see it down at some point, just as he wanted to see all of the man completely lose--*Himself*.

“Yet,” Will repeated with a bigger smile. “Do you plan to be? Should I call a cab?”

“I haven't decided,” Hannibal winked, letting himself be light and flirtatious, which was easy to do with Will. “I'll let you know if I should require a ride. And what of yourself?”

“I don’t live too far,” Will insisted with raised brows, and brought his drink to his lips once more, taking a long suck from the straws, cheeks hollowing.

Hannibal swallowed at that, watching the entirely debauched way those pink lips wrapped around the straws. He wasn't a very sexual man as a rule but when there was a mental and physical connection, he didn't deny himself. “Quite convenient for you.”

Will knew what he was doing to Hannibal, his empathy was easily at work here, and he smiled as he set down his glass. “It is. It’s near the harbor which is nice, the dogs love going for walks there.”

“It sounds serene,” Hannibal mused, his mind going to work to paint a picture. He took the last drink of his spirited beverage and wiped his mouth, gingerly, on the napkin there. “Tell me, do you often partake of an end of shift drink with a patron or am I an exception?”

“I don’t usually. I like going home to the peace and quiet,” Will admitted with a quirk of his lips, taking the last long sips of his drink.

“Then I'm honored,” Hannibal said, leaning a little closer on the table. He was warm, so he removed his suit coat and rolled up his sleeves, resting forward once more. “I enjoy the peace and quiet of my home as well. I live alone, compose music, and sketch when not working or cooking.”

“But you’re lonely,” Will pointed out, clear from Hannibal’s insistence that Will see him after his shift.

“It is human nature to seek out the comfort and familiarity of like-minded individuals,” Hannibal said, not denying what Will said. “One might surmise that by accepting my offer of companionship that you too, are seeking that very thing.”

“Am I?” Will narrowed his gaze on the doctor, speculatively. “What sort of like-mindedness do you think I’m looking for?”

“I believe we both wish to have someone present who *sees* us. Who we truly are,” Hannibal stated, keeping his eyes on Will. “Everyone wears masks to a degree and looks for someone to accept what is under them. More than that, I feel as though you suffer from a lack of intellectual stimulation in a place such as this. I can offer you that and the aforementioned.”

“You’re just the whole package, aren’t you?” Will asked, amused by the doctor’s forthright nature, though perhaps he wasn’t wrong, Will wasn’t very likely to take his offers. He’d seen

those before.

“To some perhaps, to others, not as much,” Hannibal answered, a bit elusively as he narrowed his eyes with amusement of his own. Will would come around. “As I said, we all have different things that make us tick, as well as varying degrees of taste and intrigue.”

Will twirled his empty glass on the table as he nodded, listening. “That we do. I guess I’m trying to see beyond your accent and stature, what you have to offer me that’s different from everyone else who offers?” Will had seen it all, been burnt a few times, and his forts were ever high these days. When he did let loose, if one could call it that, it was always in the company of those like-minded or understanding individuals. Will was still not sure what Hannibal was exactly.

“Beyond the intellectual stimulation and acceptance of self?” Hannibal asked, a small smirk playing on his lips. He leaned back and squared his shoulders, surveying Will’s every action. “Good meals and company, but mostly someone who would never ask you to change who you are. I'm someone who would nourish your potential, watch it flourish.”

“You don’t even know who it is I am, how can you be sure you’ll want to nurture that?” Will asked, guarded now, but not without merit.

“How am I to know who you are, if you will not let me in?” Hannibal answered with another question. He had glimmers, from the feminine wafts of his scent, the hair, and the mood shifts, it spelled out one thing to the doctor but he needed Will to want him to know.

“And here we are at the point where I say, I don’t even know you, and you tell me that I should get to know you, and we go around in this circle until one of us gives up,” Will pointed out, not giving away anything at all. His body language spoke true of man, through his well-manicured hands said otherwise, with clean fingernails, but rough palms, it was difficult to pinpoint for most people just what it was Will Graham could be.

“The difference, Will, is that I am willing to let you know me,” Hannibal offered back, arching a brow as he spoke in deep, yet calm tones. He was enjoying the banter, the chase, and was fine with continuing in any way that the bartender saw fit -- for the time being. “There does, however, need to be reciprocity. You wish to be seen, or I would not be here now.”

“So getting to know you--the *real* you-- is a gesture? A gift?” Will asked, eyes narrowed slightly, already seeing the sort of man that Hannibal was, though likely did not seem himself as. “You assume a lot. I told you I found your accent alluring and you interesting. What’s the harm in one drink to see if there’s more?”

“To my recollection, I never implied there was harm in that,” Hannibal said, still calm on the outside but inwardly, he was growing agitated. A lovely body, Will had, should this not go according to plan he would feast on him for days to come, honoring every delicious part. “And yes, getting to know me is a gift, as it shall be if you allow me the pleasure of getting to know you. Do you not think of yourself in such a way? Believe me, you should. You are entirely enchanting.”

Will laughed, loud and crisp, licking his lips once. He knew very well the agitation growing in Hannibal, it was a test of sorts because Will had met enough seemingly nice men who turned into monsters the second they were alone. “Why are you growing irritated with me then?”

“To the contrary, your chiding only draws me in, even if I may feel a bit irritated that I cannot yet breach your forts,” Hannibal explained, and then smiled reassuringly. Perhaps he wouldn't have to have him for dinner after all. “It would take more than that to deter me from you.”

“You’re used to getting your way, aren’t you?” Will asked, brows raised.

“Often I do, but trust that there have been times when I was younger that I did not,” Hannibal answered, canting his head. “I would hope that you get the things you love or want, you certainly could overpower many with your eyes and smile alone, not to mention your quick tongue.”

“I’m very simple, I like simple things,” Will murmured, shifting his jaw. “I could, but why would I?”

“And you have. You've overpowered me now,” Hannibal pointed out, irritation fading the more they spoke.

Will sighed and slipped from his stool. “Will you walk with me?”

“Of course,” Hannibal nodded and got up to his feet, hands in his pockets as stood next to Will.

The bar had a few hours left, but leaving a little after his shift usually meant a handful of stragglers of bargoers from his shift would be outside. Some didn’t take no for an answer. Taking Hannibal with him would deter them off at least for the evening. “Thanks,” Will said, grabbing his jacket from the stool and slipped it on.

“You're welcome,” Hannibal said and put his back on as well after he unrolled his shirt. He refrained from offering his arm, given Will’s hesitance, and instead repocketed his hands. “The pleasure is mine, of that you can be certain.”

“I am,” Will said, walking out with Hannibal, and as he thought a few of the not-so-savory types were sticking around and waiting. They had never hurt Will, it was a game to most of them. They walked past them and Will said nothing nor gave them his attention.

Hannibal eyed them, discreetly, letting Will lead him to his vehicle - if he had one. “Good,” he said, making sure to speak quietly, his hand on a scalpel in his pocket in case trouble abounded.

Will didn’t have a car, he walked on by the parking. “We can circle back in a minute to get to your car. They’ll leave in a second.”

“Will you allow me to take you home?” Hannibal asked in offering, not liking the idea of Will walking home with the unsavory types out. He was already thinking of recipes.

“I’m afraid you might find my way of living to be below you,” Will laughed, touching Hannibal’s arm gently for a moment.

“I would never judge you in that way, Will,” Hannibal said honestly, warming to the touch that he wanted more of. “But I would not force you. Either way, my offer stands.”

“Fine,” Will said, very aware he may never see Hannibal again, especially if he was passing through.

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled as his Bentley came into view in the distance. “My car is the black one, just over there.”

“That would be your car,” Will said with a little smile and waited by the door of it for it to be unlocked before he slid into the passenger seat.

Hannibal closed the door for Will, and then got into the driver’s side, shutting it. He put on his seatbelt and started the engine. “I do hope my car does not offend you,” he joked with a wink and then put it into reverse. “Feel free to adjust the temperature if you need to.”

“It’s fine,” Will insisted as he buckled in, not one to toy with other people’s gadgets and cars, so to speak. “You’ll take a left up here at the light and go until you read the docks.”

Hannibal nodded and pulled out onto the road, he took the left at the light, heading towards the docks. “You wanted to avoid those men. Have they done or said anything to you?”

“No, they haven’t. They come in every night and attempt the same thing. They wait until after my shift, give me a hard time, and when I refuse, they leave,” Will explained, nonchalantly. “You gave me a good excuse to ignore them completely.”

“I'm happy to be useful,” Hannibal said but inwardly he was making plans for the rather rude bar patrons. Once was hardly excusable but constantly? Something had to be done. “It is likely that in seeing me, they will not bother you again.”

“I could only hope,” Will chuckled with a grin, more hair falling out of his slicked-back ponytail. He finally reached and undid the band, and then started to push his hair back into it, evening it out.

Hannibal caught a glimpse and his heart seemed to skip a beat. He swallowed and then looked over at him at another red light. “Do you always wear your hair back? It seems like quite the travesty.”

“Sometimes, especially at the bar, it’s a sanitary reason,” Will explained as he held the rubberband between his teeth and then tied his hair back once more.

“Certainly there, yes,” Hannibal agreed and then looked back when a flash of green caught his eye. He drove once more, seeing the sign for the docks up ahead.

“Better to keep it out of the way and out of drinks,” Will grinned, shrugging.

“Indeed, otherwise a hairnet would likely be next and we wouldn't want that,” Hannibal winked, looking over at him once more before turning off the road, towards the dock parking.

“No, that wouldn’t do,” Will agreed and gestured to the spot for Hannibal to park. “This is me.”

Hannibal parked and cast his eyes back to Will, not ready to say goodnight but again, he wouldn't push. “From what I can see in the black of night, it does indeed look peaceful here.”

“I live on a boat. I’m rocked to sleep every night,” Will said with an easy smile. In another life he thought about how uneasy he might be, given everything, but if he was anything, it was timid on his sexuality and trusting those with it. He wanted to believe Hannibal would be accepting. He really, really wanted to.

“By the loving embrace of the calm ocean waves,” Hannibal mused, smiling back as he envisioned Will on his boat, asleep or simply on the deck with the wind in his luscious hair. “I admit I've not been out on the open waters or even a boat, in quite some time.”

Biting his lip, Will opened the door. “C’mon,” he gestured, and got out, shutting the door behind him. He waited for Hannibal, hand out.

Hannibal got out, elated, and armed the car, taking Will’s hand. It felt right in his own, he noted, and let him lead the way. “Thank you, Will, for the hospitality.”

“I would never deny someone the sea,” Will said and lead Hannibal to his quaint houseboat, large in size and lots of barking from within as his dogs heard him coming. Will walked to the plank and crossed, tugging Hannibal along with him.

He unlocked the door and few other locks and then pushed it open. “It’s not much.”

Hannibal walked inside and looked around, letting the dogs sniff him. He petted each of them in equal measure and straightened back up with a warm smile. A lot could be learned by one’s living space. “It's befitting, Will, and quite cozy, as well as tidy,” he said, impressed by that.

Will picked up a few pieces of clothes off the floor, mostly socks and such, and then stuffed them into a hamper. He needed to do laundry tomorrow. “Thank you.” He cleared his throat. “If you need the restroom it’s just beyond that door. It’s the only room with a door, honestly.” He chuckled and looked around, almost as if making sure nothing was out of place. He hadn’t expected a visitor.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said and felt the boat rock slightly. He didn't mind the few items out of place, it was just nice being in Will’s private domain. “Perhaps a stroll on the deck?”

“Yes,” Will said, taking his jacket off, he rolled up his sleeves as if he were going to fully enjoy their stroll and the sea in his face. “Did you want a drink?”

“I would love one, please,” Hannibal answered, also removing his suit coat and rolling his sleeves back up to the elbows as well.

Will went and got two glasses, pouring whiskey into two tumblers, and then handed one to Hannibal. He then opened the door and the dogs poured out onto the deck as they went out into the late-night air.

Hannibal smiled his thanks and strolled on the deck, over the railing as the moonlight illuminated his aristocratic features. The smells of salt, and fish overtook him in a pleasant way. “It is almost as beautiful as you are.”

Will leaned against the rail, facing Hannibal, drink in hand as he watched the other man, the long, perfect colum of Will’s throat catching the tiniest bit of light from the boat cabin. “Thank you.”

Feeling warm suddenly, Hannibal took a drink of the whiskey, not that it would help with the heat overtaking him but alas. He angled his body towards Will and licked his lips. “You're welcome, Will,” he said, his eyes trailing down his throat and back up. “I'm sure that is something you hear quite often but I mean it all the same.”

“Sometimes I do,” Will said, scratching at the stubble on his face, making a mental reminder to shave later. His smile grew wider, watching Hannibal as he swallowed. He tugged his own lip between his teeth, contemplating.

The smile on Will’s face had Hannibal’s heart thrumming. He wanted to know each one of his expressions, from that one to how he might look on his bed, writhing in unbridled ecstasy. “I'll have to find ways to be distinctive then, to ensure I stand out amongst the crowd of admirers.”

“I hope you know I never bring admirers back to my place,” Will pointed out, catching a whiff of Hannibal’s emotion. He wanted to badly make Will flutter his eyes at Hannibal, hooded with long lashes. “I’d like if you kissed me, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal set his whiskey down on the table nearby and cupped Will’s jaw, tipping his face up gently as he leaned in, his cologne undoubtedly stronger at this proximity. “I was hoping you would ask,” he rasped and then wet his lips, bringing their mouths together softly to feel the perfect press.

All but melting into Hannibal, Will grasped his shoulders with one hand tight around them, licking into his mouth slowly, tasting every last bit of the foreign doctor’s tongue. He’d wanted, admittedly, to do so since he heard the man speak, but after a night of quips and conversation, Will couldn’t hold back any longer.

With a growl, quiet but rumbling, Hannibal angled his head to allow for a deeper kiss, his hand sliding back to where Will had tied his hair up. He didn't take it down, but he wanted to, his cock stirring in his trousers. Nonetheless, he wouldn't rush, he would savor and cherish the sweetness his tongue found with each languid sweep.

Will ate every last sound from Hannibal's mouth, groaning in time, clutching at the doctor with one hand, his other setting down his drink on the rail. His body was fire, burning from the inside out, ready to alight the ember burning in his loins.

“Will,” Hannibal whispered like a prayer to his newfound Deity, his strong frame pressing against Will’s as his kisses became hungrier. His desire rocked through him like the very waves they were amidst as a hand slid down the younger man’s side, and around to rest just above the soft swell of his ass.

Biting at Hannibal’s mouth slowly, tugging on his lip, Will gazed at him through incredibly long lashes, running his hands up his chest slowly. “You are dangerous, Doctor Lecter.”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal husked and then finally let his hand drift a little lower to skate over Will’s ass as he held him firmly, feeling out the texture of something other than just boxers underneath. He kissed him again, and then looked into his eyes. “But you are safe with me, I assure you.”

Will hummed, hips rolling in against Hannibal’s as his jaw dropped, lips parted. “I want to believe that.”

“I'll show you, if you let me,” Hannibal responded, not put off by what he felt in the least under his deft hand and Will’s pants.

“Are you asking me out?” Will asked, coy, watching Hannibal’s honeyed gaze.

“Definitely, yes,” Hannibal grinned, his sharp teeth glinting in the low, pale light as his other hand seemed out the tie that held Will’s hair. He paused, “May I?”

“Okay,” Will agreed, to both things at once, turning his head just slightly to give Hannibal room to tug the tie loose.

Hannibal did and marveled at just how exquisite his soft, curly tresses were. Without hesitation, he ran both hands through them and kissed him again. “Beautiful,” he murmured when he moved back for just a moment. “I could partake of your company, wit, and beauty until I am utterly drunk on nothing but the mere existence of you.”

It felt like Hannibal understood, that he would cherish Will no matter how he expressed himself. He surged forward and kissed Hannibal again, softly this time, nipping gently at those perfect lips. Could he be so lucky?

The elegant doctor mirrored Will’s intensity and kissed him back just as tender, taking a moment to suckled his lower lip. He worried it between his teeth, letting him feel their sharpness without biting down as the pads of his fingers roved over the beauty’s scalp. The glass fell from the rail, but Will couldn’t be bothered to care as he grasped at Hannibal’s shirt, undoing some of the buttons there, working his palms over hairy flesh and over Hannibal's shoulders as they kissed.

Hannibal dared to kiss down from Will’s lips to his jaw and finally seeking out his neck. He nosed there, taking in his scent, before pressing light kisses all along it, all but tasting his pulse with his tongue. “Have you any idea how phenomenal you taste?” he asked, murmuring against the other’s skin.

“I don’t, actually,” Will crooned softly, long hair flowing in the breeze behind him. He shivered, skin crawling with gooseflesh. “Tell me.”

“You are a sweet ambrosia,” Hannibal rasped, still kissing Will’s neck, and under his jaw as he spoke. “Specially crafted for all of the Gods, but even they were not worthy of your flavor. It is precisely why it's an honor to be feasting upon your succulence now.”

Will let out an airy chuckle, holding Hannibal closer. “You’ll make me swoon,” Will teased lightly, but the truth was no one had ever made the words sound truer.

“Swoon all you like,” Hannibal grinned and wrapped both strong arms around Will, capturing his mouth once more. He was content to just do this all night if he'd allow it, utterly enthralled by him.

“I won’t,” Will huffed once into Hannibal’s mouth before capturing the sides of his face, stroking gently with his thumbs, kissing him slowly.

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

After a night where they kissed and made out, Will and Hannibal finally parted when the sun rose, Will agreeing to dinner. Hannibal said it was fancy, so Will got to thinking about what he'd wear to really see how much the Doctor approved of him. It was at the doctor's house, so Will could be seen without worry. He wrapped a long coat around him, called an uber to get someone he trusted and was on his way.

Arriving, he paid the driver and walked to Hannibal's door, the clacking of his heels resounding up the pebbled steps. Will leaned in on the doorbell.

Hannibal had chosen a blue and brown plaid suit, a bit of a sheen to it, with a matching tie and pocket square. He was happily awaiting Will's arrival as he put the finishing touches on the table setting when he heard the door and went to get it. Standing in front of him was Will, hair down and brushed, coiffed to the side a bit, clutch in hand. He smelled more fragrant from the perfume barely there the night before.

Hannibal's breath caught in his throat, which for him, was a rarity and he smiled immediately. "Hello, Will," he greeted and took his hand to place a reverent kiss on the back of it, "you look ravishing. Please, come in won't you?"

Will had painted his nails, a hint of the perfume on his wrist. He stepped in and let Hannibal take his coat for him, in a fitting black dress with bits of lace and mesh. He wore a bit of makeup, shadow and liner, a hint of blush, and a little gloss. "Thank you. You said fancy, so I hope this is okay…"

Hannibal closed the door behind Will after hanging up the coat and touched his arm, leaning in to kiss his cheek. When he did, he took in the delightful aroma of the perfume he wore and hummed. "It is more than okay, Will, you are breathtaking," he whispered, unable to take his eyes off the vision before him. "Forgive me for assuming, is Will indeed alright to address you as?"

"That's fine," Will said, wrapping his arms around Hannibal. He was completely clean-shaven everywhere today. "You can use whatever pronouns you find comfortable, I'll take either."

Slipping his hands around Will's waist, Hannibal nosed against the perfectly smooth skin of his jaw, smiling. "I am likewise comfortable with either, but since I only know you by one name, Will it is," he said and then kissed him feather-light to not mess up his lipstick. "I hope you brought your appetite."

So far, Hannibal was just as courteous as all the people in the online groups had been in meeting them personally. Perhaps it was why Will was so comfortable to start with the doctor. "I did," Will said, resting his forehead against Hannibal's.

“Good,” Hannibal responded and brushed his hand over the soft curls of Will’s hair, carefully. “I prepared rosemary lamb chops with mint garlic sauce for supper.”

“That sounds wonderful,” Will replied quietly, and let go of Hannibal so he could lead him to the dining room. “Smells it, too.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal preened and smiled, pulling out the chair once at the table so Will could sit. He began pouring him a glass of wine. “I thought for our wine, a younger, more fruit-driven red Bordeaux would pair nicely.”

“That sounds good,” Will insisted, feeling the need for wine tonight than he had last night, all things considered.

Hannibal nodded his head in a polite, gentlemanly bow and then poured his own wine after Will’s. “Shall we toast?” he offered, holding the glass in hand and outstretched towards his date. “To new beginnings and all of the beauty they bring.”

Will clinked their glasses together for that and then took a sip. He could fall hard for Hannibal if he kept this up, but Will wasn’t so naive that he would let it rule his good inhibitions. “To new beginnings…”

Hannibal sniffed the wine, rubbing the glass to his lips faintly before taking a slow sip and letting it sit on his tongue. He swallowed, pleased, and set the glass down. “I'll bring out the lamb,” he said and then walked into the kitchen. A moment later and he was setting the plates down before them, Will first and then himself, finally taking a seat.

“Bon Appetit, Will.”

Will brought his fork and knife to the plate and cut into it, seeing as Hannibal was awaiting his first bite. He placed the succulent pork on his tongue and chewed slowly, letting the juices and flavors mingle there. “This is amazing.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled and then took a delicate bite himself, pleased as usual with how it all came together. “I'd hoped it would suit your palette.”

“I’m hardly picky,” Will answered, taking another bite, eating slowly.

“You like simplicity, as I recall but I must say that you are anything but,” Hannibal contemplated and sipped his wine before taking another bite.

“You find me… multifaceted?” Will asked, perfectly sculpted brow raised toward Hannibal as he took another, slow, lingering bite, tugging the fork through his painted lips.

“Yes, quite,” Hannibal complimented, wrapping his own shapely lips around another forkful of lamb, wiping his mouth. “I imagine there is much beyond the confines of your forts.”

“I think I’ve shown you quite a bit beyond my forts already this evening,” Will commented, taking a sip of wine.

“You have,” Hannibal crooned, appreciative and awestruck, before taking another bite. “And by coming here I've shown you a bit more of who I am, Will.”

“That you have, and I’m grateful,” Will admitted after taking another bite. “There aren’t a lot of people who understand me or accept me. Being fluid in my gender is something… young. I’m not young, and when I was, it was frowned upon.”

“Society terms it as a fluke that only the young experience but you are giving voice to it. You're showing that it is not a passing phase but a sense of self,” Hannibal offered and then smiled once more at the beauty before him. “Duality in one casing is often depicted in Greek Mythology. It has been around for quite some time and I personally find it beautiful. A shame that even now not everyone does.”

“Some people are one or the other, I… don’t like feeling limited,” Will commented, taking another bite, his last one.

“Nor should you be,” Hannibal assured, and reached out to brush his fingertips over the top of Will’s hand. He took his last bite and then chased it with wine. “You should not be restrained and your beauty should be permitted to run free in all forms.”

“You honestly think so?” Will asked, narrowing his eyes on Hannibal, but then they softened as their hands touched.

“Yes, William, I have no reason to mislead you in that,” Hannibal promised, and took his hand to kiss, running his lips over his knuckles. “You have all but snared me.”

“I’m sorry I thought you were trying to buy me yesterday,” Will said with a softer tone, licking his painted lips once. “It’s been known to happen, lots of people with fetishes…”

“I would never do such a vile thing, you're far too valuable to be bought,” Hannibal expressed, watching Will’s mouth briefly. “I have a sexual appetite like anyone else but rest assure you are not a fetish.”

“I wasn’t sure, I don’t usually get such big tips just for pouring wine,” Will jested, turning his hand over to take Hannibal’s.

“It was right of you to be cautious of a stranger,” Hannibal smiled, lacing their fingers together. “It would have astounded me more had you not.”

“Those who know me or of me, tend to track me down and attempt,” Will said cautiously. “I wanted to be sure you weren’t one of those.

“I'm glad I was able to prove otherwise,” Hannibal said, a twinge of jealousy present briefly as he thought of others who might continue to try to win Will over.

“I liked that you might be interested in more than what I’m worth in money,” Will admitted softly, taking a sip of his wine with his free hand.

“I'm interested in every single part of you,” Hannibal said, enunciating his words as he kept his keen gaze locked onto Will. Collecting the plates, he released his hand. “Shall we enjoy

our wine by the fire?”

“Okay,” Will agreed and stood, “are you sure I can’t help first?”

“You are my guest, my date. I wouldn't dream of asking,” Hannibal answered, standing. “Make yourself comfortable and I'll be in as soon as I place these in the dishwasher, but I thank you for the offer.”

Nodding, Will took the rest of his wine to the next room where the fire roared, and sat down on the couch, crossing one leg over the other, daintily. Sipping the wine, he angled his body toward the door for when Hannibal was bound to return.

Hannibal walked in a moment later, his suit coat off and hung, sleeves rolled up. He smiled at Will and sat down next to him on the leather couch, his own wine in hand. “Let me know when you require more wine, hm?”

“Maybe soon,” Will flirted, touching Hannibal's knee as he got closer.

“I would hate to see you go without,” Hannibal flirted back, placing his hand atop Will’s as he turned his body towards Will.

“I like it, it’s not too overwhelming,” Will said, though whether he was speaking of the wine or Hannibal himself was unknown. Maybe both.

Hannibal smiled, charmingly and leaned closer to Will’s face, cupping his cheek. “One way to know for certain is how well it sits upon your tongue,” he rasped, gazing into beautiful sea blues. “May I kiss you to find out?”

Will set his glass aside as he nodded, licking his lips once more, the sheen of gloss and color gone from dinner. “Please.”

Without delay, Hannibal moved in and closed the gap, slotting their lips together. He gently licked inside to taste the wine that lingered on Will’s tongue with a deep, rumbling hum. Will angled himself into the corner, and pulled Hannibal all but over him, kissing him back with fervent need, humming softly.

Hannibal groaned, body leaning against him as he kissed him back, enjoying the fragrant mingling of their distinctive scents. He suckled his lower lip, tugging it through his sharp teeth, and worried the plump flesh.

“Hannibal,” Will whispered between their lips, catching his breath and then diving back in, fingers nimble working the Doctor’s vest undone and then his tie.

“Will,” Hannibal rasped and ran his hand down the side of Will’s body, letting it rest where his dress ended over his thigh. Ever courteous, it went no higher, fingertips lightly caressing there instead as he kissed the beauty's elegant neck.

Laced thigh highs ended just above the hem of his dress, held up by garters that Will moved Hannibal’s hand to seek out, wanting him to touch him, to explore, and search. Then, Will

undid a few buttons of Hannibal's shirt, fingers playing in his chest there peaking out. "I like this part right here," he whispered.

"Then I shall have to show it off more," Hannibal murmured, doing exactly as Will had given him permission - to explore. He ran his fingers over the lace, and then the garter, stifling a lusty growl at what he found. The beast within was stirring, evident by the swell in his trousers, but he was a patient man when need be. "I quite like all of your parts, Will."

"You haven't seen them all yet," Will whispered, craning his head to give Hannibal more room to maim his neck, skin crawling with a need for more of his hot mouth on him. "I'm sure I'll find more parts of you I like as I see them."

"I do not have to see them all to know of their existence and my fondness for them," Hannibal crooned, and then as the last word left his lips, he latched them onto Will's neck, swirling his tongue in a circular motion on his skin as teeth scraped gently.

"That's too bad, all my parts were really hoping to get special attention as you explored them tonight," Will crooned softly, undoing Hannibal's shirt one button at a time.

"I'd hate to disappoint," Hannibal whispered roughly, and slipped his shirt off once it was unbuttoned, then his tie, folding both over the couch. He hooked his finger under the garter and tugged *just so*, to let Will feel his need that was burning hot like lava.

Will kicked off his heels, hips rolling forward with the tug, hands winding their way through Hannibal's chest hair and then around his neck, kissing him once more, harder and deeper this time. Hannibal leaned in closer, half over Will as his hand squeezed his thigh, firmly. He couldn't help the growl then when he felt the muscle under his palm, which made his cock throb as he fed on his mouth hotly.

One hand migrated south, to Hannibal's slacks, and Will under did them deftly, and plunged his hand inside to feel up the doctor through his boxers. "Oh-" he managed, palming his girth.

At that, Hannibal grunted and thrust his hips into Will's grasp as his deft, doctor's hand made its way higher, and in between his thighs to feel his groin through lace panties. "Will… you're exquisite."

Will's hips pressed up into Hannibal's hand, wanton for more of everything the doctor seemed to be doing to him. He loved their slow pace, feeling each other out, nothing rushed, nothing left unattended. "So are you…"

A kiss in return was Hannibal's answer of thanks as he cupped and kneaded the bulge he found there, taking his time to show he truly didn't find him to be a fetish. As he stroked, the doctor became more heated, his teeth scraping down his jaw to his neck once more.

Daringly, Will reached in and tugged Hannibal's length from his boxers, rough pads of his palms worked over the silky smooth skin. "God, you are big."

Hannibal grinned over Will's skin as he too slipped his hand inside the other's panties and found his hard cock. He groaned, gripping and gliding up and down along his length. "As are you, Will."

"Sometimes much too big," Will said with a knowing grin, having buy panties sometimes was difficult. He groaned, though, toes wiggling. "Help me out of these stockings…"

Letting go of Will's impressive cock, Hannibal moved back and got on his knees on the floor in front of him. He moved his dress up enough to undo the garters and slowly, seductively began to slid them off. "The Gods must have wept when they made you…"

Will stood, lifting one leg at a time for the stocking to be removed, the bulge in his panties tenting the dress a little as he gazed down at Hannibal in all his half-naked glory. "Then we must be made for each other," he crooned, teasing slightly.

Hannibal looked up at Will and ran his hands up his smooth legs, to his thighs, and hooked his fingers under the sides of his panties. "We most certainly are," he grinned and then licked his lips, wanting to remove the lace underwear in his grasp, "may I?"

"Yes," Will said, eyes never leaving Hannibal's. "Please."

Sliding them down, Hannibal helped Will step out of them and set them aside, going right back to his legs as he held the dress up. He nosed between his thighs and kissed there before standing. "I think the bedroom would be more comfortable, don't you?" he asked, offering his hands, his cock jutting out obscenely.

"Yes," Will said, grabbing his clutch from the side table and then followed Hannibal up the stairs as he was lead. "All this space just for you?"

"Just for me, yes," Hannibal smiled, opening his room door once they'd reached the top and walked down the hall. Once inside the room, he pressed Will against the wall, one of his legs going in between his as he again found his hand gliding up his dress to seek out skin. Hungry was his tongue as he kissed him, grinding against him in a move that was more passionate than he'd been all night.

"Hannibal-" Will managed out once before he ravenously devoured the doctor's tongue and pushed the remaining bit of his pants to the ground, feeling his very need against his hip.

Hannibal pulled Will's dress off, over his head carefully, and set it on the table nearby, far too aroused to worry with hanging it up. He pressed right back against him and found his ample behind, squeezing it as he ground against him. "Will-"

Will tossed his clutch on the bed, he had condoms in there and lube, just in case the doctor didn't have any. He pushed on Hannibal until he gave and shoved him playfully down onto the elaborate bed, crawling over him. "I like your bedroom… it's very you," he said, looking at the horns on with side of the bed decorating the wall.

"Thank you," Hannibal grunted as his hips rolled up into Will. He tugged him down for a kiss, hands sliding into his hair as he sucked on lips and tongue. "I like it much more when

you're inside of it, however.”

Will smiled against Hannibal’s mouth. “I might have to stay in it for a while,” he whispered and started to bite down Hannibal’s beautiful neck.

“You’ll hear nary a complaint from me,” Hannibal moaned, giving Will’s ass a firm but gentle smack. “Stay with me as long as you'd like.”

“I would if I could,” Will whispered and sucked down Hannibal’s throat, laving at his pulse once as he raked his hands through Hannibal’s hairy, perfect chest.

Hannibal gripped Will’s back, up to the nape of his neck to keep him there, rolling his hips up and down as his legs spread a bit. He curled his toes and growled out his delight. “Ah, Will-”

“I thought about nothing else but to taste you, all day,” Will said, moving to worry a nipple with his teeth and tongue.

“Then our thoughts are aligned,” Hannibal husked, loving the way Will was devouring him with his mouth. He laced his fingers into his hair and tugged gently, arching a bit under his ministrations.

Will grasped Hannibal’s cock in one fist and stroked him slowly from root to tip as he made his way to the other nipple, biting at that one with a little moan. He descended down Hannibal’s body, to his hip, licking the groove. Such a beautiful display of femininity and power, Hannibal mused briefly as he was the one being savored for a change. He spread his furry legs further, balls dropping between them as his cock leaked from the partly sheathed tip.

Eyes on Hannibal now, Will licked to the doctor’s cock, down to his balls, lapping at them and taking in his decadent musk. He unsheathed Hannibal’s cock and lapped up the precome with a heated groan. Hands in Will’s hair, Hannibal stilled his hips, letting him take his time. He growled out a groan and watched with lidded amber hues. “Yes, Will, feast on me.”

“I plan to,” Will murmured as he pulled off for a moment, and then pressed the flat of his tongue against Hannibal’s slit, and then swallowed him whole. His cheeks hollowed, hands gripped Hannibal’s hips to pull him into his mouth.

Hannibal all but came off the bed, but he kept his reserve, though it was breaking. He dug his heels into the mattress and groaned deeply, roaring like a lion as he watched how utterly debauched Will looked with his cock in his mouth. “Will-”

The younger man went at it for a solid minute longer before popping off to take a breath, his lips pink swollen, cheeks flushed as his hair fell around his face. He reached for his clutch and pulled out the condom and the small bottle of lube to get down to the side.

Looking at Will, partaking in his beauty, Hannibal couldn't resist. He got up and pinned him to the bed, not overly rough, and positioned himself between his thighs. “I've yet to taste you,

Will," he rumbled and kissed down his neck, to his nipples where he sucked each one, tongue swirling. "You are a work of art."

"Oh-" was all that left Will's mouth as he arched into Hannibal's mouth, groaning and writhing beneath him. "By all means."

Hannibal paid special attention to each hardened nub, laving there and nipping with his teeth. He kissed down his belly, dipping his tongue into his belly button before heading south the nose around his balls and groin. "I could do this for hours, you're decadent. A sweet exotic fruit that can be found nowhere else."

Will groaned at the words, cock twitching at the very thought of Hannibal doing nothing but feasting on him until the midnight hours. He was perfectly hairless, waxed and shaved, smooth and perfect. "You'd never be rid of me then."

"Now I must certainly continue," Hannibal murmured and ran his tongue up the seam of Will's balls, to the tip where he tasted the pre-come glistening there. He planned on doing exactly that, taking his time and after about fifteen minutes of just licking and kissing, he finally took his cock into his mouth.

A gasp from Will when Hannibal finally gave in to really taste him. He scraped nails down his scalp, arching into his mouth slowly. "There-"

Hannibal formed a perfect seal around his cock, cheeks hollowed, and took him down to the root, swirling his tongue around as he went. He gathered some saliva from the corner of his mouth and pressed the pad of his finger over Will's hot hole, circling. The rung of muscle there gave easily, Will relaxed into the bed, hips canted out. Will groaned, finger tightening in Hannibal's hair.

A growl rumbled from Hannibal's chest as he swallowed Will down, over and over. He pressed the tip of his finger in, just to tease, knowing he'd not gotten him lubricated enough yet. Will moaned louder, anticipation rising his pleasure levels by tenfold, leaning up to watch the doctor work. He handed Hannibal the lube on the bed, for easier glide.

With a nod of thanks, Hannibal popped off long enough to pour lube onto his fingers and then Will's perfect pucker. He slid one finger back inside, slowly, starting to stroke him from the inside as his lips sought his cock anew. The other man writhed slowly under Hannibal, eyes fluttering shut as his finger slipped against his prostate, teasingly.

"Right there-"

Hannibal pressed his finger against that nub, massaging it as he watched Will's face. He took a breath and inserted another finger, deftly working him open. "Here, was it?" he husked, deep and throaty as a seductive grin played over his swollen lips. "That's it, Will. Open up for me. Perfect."

"I am yours wholly," Will managed to groan as his heels dug into the bed, a fiery pit of pleasure building sweetly in his core.

“And I yours,” Hannibal murmured and added a third finger, wanting to work Will open completely before taking him. He planned on giving him more than one orgasm before the night was done. The elegant doctor used the pad of his tongue to stimulate the nerve endings under the head of Will’s cock, humming at the taste and the beauty’s scent.

Will’s fingers dug into the bedsheets, pulling on them as the swell of heat started to move down and toward his balls, lifting them as he tensed. “Hannibal-”

Hannibal increased the suction and speed, fingers working eagerly as he pleasures Will. He wanted to taste his come - *needed* it - before he'd drown himself inside of him. A groan to let him know that very thing vibrated up his throat, into the other’s shaft as he continued his ministrations.

Within seconds the other man was tensing and writhing, coming completely undone, cock pumping out salty come onto Hannibal’s tongue and down his throat. “Fuck-” was all Will managed to arch, panting.

Swallowing it down greedily, Hannibal moaned, his own cock pulsing as he rutted into the bed. He removed his fingers when he felt Will have the last wave of orgasm and put on one of the condoms, adding more lube before kissing him heatedly. “Beautiful, Will,” he said as his dick begged for entry at his twitching hole.

Loose and languid, Will pulled Hannibal closer, tasting himself on his tongue as he wrapped his legs around him, rutting his hole against Hannibal’s sheathed cock. “Take me, show me your beast.”

Hannibal snarled at that and positioned his cock right in line with Will’s velvety passage. He pushed in, to the hilt and started fucking him with wild, ferocious abandon. His teeth found his neck once more and he bit down, breaking the skin and lapping there, hungrily, with a growl.

Riled once more, Will grasped at Hannibal’s forearms, holding tight as his body tensed a moment, and then took Hannibal’s in all at once, wrapping tight and warm around him. “Oh fuck…”

“Will,” Hannibal roared, hair hanging in his powerful eyes, crimson staining his sharp teeth as he drove into him relentlessly. Large balls slapped wetly, muscles rippling under tanned skin and he didn't stop. He wouldn't. Not until Will was left a sweaty, shaky, heap on the bed.

Will groaned softly at first under Hannibal, but as the heat began to build once more, his soft whimpers turned to moans of lust. “ Hannibal…”

“Yes, Will, let me hear you,” Hannibal grunted, snapping his hips as he pushed Will’s legs back to his chest, bending him in half. His arousal licked down his spine, settling into his groin with the promise of a release soon.

Panting harder, Will gazed up at Hannibal as his body flushed against the sheets, sweat dripping down into them. Lust pooled once more and Will’s cock leaked onto his chest. “Fuck, harder, please.”

Hannibal did as bidden and began pumping harder and deeper, leaning over to lick into Will's mouth. He groaned, meeting his eyes, and sat back enough to wrap his hand around the other's cock. "Come for me once more, Will. I wish to see you empty."

Unable to do much more than kiss Hannibal between rapid breaths, Will came again, the blinding hot heat rushing through his groin and racing his heart. "Fuck, Hannibal-!"

"Will-!" Hannibal groaned out, his blood racing in his veins, hot and pulsing. He came when Will did, filling the condom with come as he pumped a few more times and kissed him slowly.

Humming as they came down, Will forced his legs down at Hannibal's sides, spread wide with his own come polled and spurted across his chest. "You are an animal… sir."

"You did request that I unleash, so to speak," Hannibal grinned and nipped at Will's lips, strumming through his long hair. "And you are simply sublime."

"Never been called that," Will whispered, enjoying their closeness for a moment before Hannibal could leave and take care of the condom.

"The first of many terms of endearment," Hannibal murmured and kissed Will's lips, his cheeks, and brow before he felt himself starting to go down. He got up and pulled off the condom, tying it off. "I'll be back in a moment, and then the bathroom is yours or you may use the one across the hall if you wish."

"I can wait," Will insisted, rolling onto his belly, butt to the air.

Hannibal let himself drink Will in a brief moment and then nodded with a lick of his lips before turning to go into the bathroom. A few minutes later he returned, cleaned off, and refreshed. "It is all yours, Will."

"Thank you," Will said, rolling off the bed with feminine grace, he pecked Hannibal's mouth once and disappeared into the bathroom. Admittedly, he took a few minutes to clean up and then look through Hannibal's personal medicine cabinet at all the things on the counter, everything that made up the doctor. Then he exited once more, still very naked.

Hannibal had brought wine into the room, not something he made a habit of, but he wasn't particularly ready to leave the bed. Not with the beauty at his side. He was still nude also, stretched out like a Lithuanian God on the bed, wine glass tipped towards Will. "I thought you might enjoy some more wine."

"You thought right," Will said as he crawled over Hannibal and into bed, the soft sheets perfectly pleasant against his skin. Taking the glass he sipped on the refreshed drink. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Hannibal crooned and then took up his own wine, a fire in the bedroom hearth flickering as they spent time together in the afterglow. "I wish to see you again, Will, and often."

Will smiled and seated himself against Hannibal, curled there to his form, gazing at him with a makeup smudged face and messy sex hair. “I’d like that.”

“I'm happy to hear you say that,” Hannibal whispered and leaned over to kiss Will softly, loving how sinfully debauched he looked like that.

Will wrapped his leg around Hannibal’s thighs, kissing him with feather-light touches of lips. “I warn you, I can be very stubborn.”

“Where that might deter some, it entices me all the more,” Hannibal promised and kissed him back, just as tender, setting his wine down to stroke his face.

“Going to be stubborn to my stubbornness?” Will asked brow raised slightly as basked in Hannibal’s presence. It was more than he could hope for, and he was trying hard not to give his hopes up.

“Perhaps with me you will not have as much a need for stubbornness, seeing as I accept you for all that you are,” Hannibal whispered with a grin and wrapped his arm around him. “And before you correct me, I realize I still have much to learn yet. Just one more aspect that I am looking quite forward to.”

Turning his head away coyly, Will took a long sip of wine, resting the base of the glass over Hannibal’s stomach. “Maybe. Maybe not.”

“I'm not one who gives up, when something or someone I want is at stake,” Hannibal flirted, his tone deep and throaty as he reached out to trace Will’s jaw.

“Can’t say I didn’t warn ya,” Will whispered. He brought the wine to his lips once more, draining half of it.

Hannibal took the moment to drink some of his own, licking his lips and setting it back down once he had. “I'll be sure to remember that, Will,” he smiled.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

As the sun shone brightly over their bodies with the morning sun, Will rolled over and stretched, languid and warm, he curled back over into Hannibal, head on his chest. He toyed with the doctor's chest hair, feeling perfectly fucked and perfectly elated. Hannibal was awake but he didn't dare open his eyes yet. Instead, he laid there, enjoying the feel of Will touching him in that way, feeling him out. He was quite pleased with himself, due to last night and how he imagined them moving forward.

Will kissed Hannibal's chest once and then all but startled when he heard his phone go off in his clutch somewhere on the floor now. He groaned and kissed Hannibal on the lips twice. "Be right back."

Hannibal did open his eyes then, and he nodded, yawning as he covered his mouth. "Of course, Will," he said and then sat up, canting his head and wondering who it was calling that required Will to leave the room.

Will moved around to find the phone first, laughing when he finally found it and saw who it was, and rolled his eyes. He sent a text back to the caller and then set his phone in his clutch, and moved back over the bed. "Where were we?"

"I was feigning sleep as you played with my chest hair," Hannibal laughed, his voice a bit rougher from sleep. He held out his arms with a stretch, still curious about the interruption. "I do hope your job is not demanding you leave this bed."

"Not at all," Will replied and curled up into bed once more with his head against Hannibal's shoulder, and his fingers once more in his chest hair, content.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and kissed his head, his eyes narrowed slightly in thought. He decided to not speculate over it for now. "Good, Will. Are you hungry?"

"Not yet," Will whispered, angling his head up to look at Hannibal, blue eyes bright under heavy lashes.

"Do let me know when you are," Hannibal whispered back and brushed the hair away from Will's face.

If allowed, Will would just stay like this all day. He preferred food when he needed it, and right now the comfort of Hannibal's embrace was far more enticing. "We could be here for a while."

Hannibal leaned over Will and kissed him soundly, cupping his prickly jaw. He gazed at him, delighted to do that very thing, especially since he was off for the day. "You shall hear no complaints from me."

“I have the day off,” Will said, smiling at Hannibal, against his mouth. “You have me all day.”

“Excellent news,” Hannibal grinned and laid over Will to feel warm underneath him. “I am likewise free for the day.”

Will gazed up at Hannibal and kissed him softly. “Yeah? What a coincidence.”

“As if it was written in the stars themselves,” Hannibal murmured, skilled fingers tracing Will’s cheekbones.

“Whatever shall we do?” Will asked, content to just lie there with Hannibal, to do nothing but laze about for the rest of the day.

Hannibal wasn't one for lazing about but he was enjoying their time in bed. He kissed him again and then laid on his side. “Whatever you wish. I suggest we start with coffee whenever you're ready.”

“Do you have a robe I can borrow?” Will asked, curling around Hannibal once more.

“I do,” Hannibal answered and then threaded his fingers into Will’s hair, pressing against his skull as he tugged him to his mouth for another hungry kiss. “I have several in the bathroom closet to choose from.”

Eyes fluttering closed, Will wrapped the rest of himself around Hannibal, warm and content--he was hard-pressed to move. “Good. I don’t want to dress just yet.”

“An opinion we both share, since I very much enjoy you this way,” Hannibal crooned, letting his hand slide down Will’s spine, counting vertebrae until he reached his supple behind. He massaged there as he kissed him slowly.

Will hummed as their mouths meshed together easily like they were made for this, and only this. “What else?”

“I enjoy your beauty, your wit, and the way you feel when I am deep inside of you,” Hannibal complimented, kissing the words into Will’s mouth.

“All good things,” Will chuckled, more than aware of his good habits and his bad ones, but was glad Hannibal enjoyed only the good things.

Hannibal wanted to see and know all of them, but that would come with time. He chuckled back and pulled him closer. “And what is it to you find makes me worthy of your time?”

“Your intelligence, for one,” Will whispered, softly, as if it were a secret. “We seem to… fit together, like pb&j.”

“Yes, that we do, and thank you,” Hannibal grinned, enjoying the little analogy even if he didn't eat such things.

“Two, I am very attracted to you as a whole,” Will grinned, sliding his hand down Hannibal’s neck.

Hannibal hummed at that, angling his head to let Will touch him as he liked. He didn't reply verbally, not wanting to interrupt. Without comment, Will rolled over Hannibal and straddled him, hands rest on his chest, fingers deep in his thicket of hair.

“Insatiable, greedy boy,” Hannibal snarled slightly, licking his lips as he drank Will in. He ran his hand up his torso, to the beauty’s pink nipples, which he circled.

Will rolled his hips down over Hannibal’s, slow and teasing, flushing with new lust as he never let his eyes stray from the doctor’s. “I’m afraid you’ve made me this way.”

“It would be *rude* of me to take away that which you--*we*--both crave,” Hannibal rumbled and slid his hands around Will’s hips, to his ass that he smacked roughly.

Will bit his lip and reached over for where he left the lube last night and then his clutch and pulled out another condom. If he was anything, he was prepared. “Thought you might say that.”

“Did you?” Hannibal whispered and took the lube offered. He put on the condom and then slathered it up, also getting his fingers nice and slick before inserting them into Will’s ass.

Right to the point, but Will didn’t mind. They’d been slow and feasting the night before, this was now a carnal pleasure, the kind he wanted so badly first thing in the morning. Will leaned over Hannibal, back arched so his pert ass was easier to get into. “Mmm… I did.”

Hannibal was hungry for Will but still gentle in working him open, testing to make sure he wasn't sore from the night before. With his free hand, he pulled him close to kiss him as he added a second well-lubed finger. “You feel magnificent, Will.”

“Good,” the brunet laughed against Hannibal’s mouth, groaning as he writhed down his ass against the doctor’s fingers.

“So wanton, succulent, and entirely beautiful,” Hannibal murmured, working until he felt the ring of muscle give way, ready for his slicked-up cock. He removed his fingers and gripped his shaft, tapping it against Will’s hole as he pressed halfway in, slowly. “Ah, Will-”

Biting his lip and pulling it through his teeth, Will slid down over Hannibal and worked him all the way inside. His hands splayed through salt and pepper chest hair. “Good.”

“Very,” Hannibal grunted, as both hands found Will’s cheeks. He spread them, pressing his hips to begin pumping in and out, working in sync with Will’s movements.

Will hummed and his head lolled back on his neck, long hair cascading down his shoulders as his long throat was exposed. He rode Hannibal in time, up and down, grinding to get him in just perfectly. Hannibal wrapped one hand around Will’s throat, letting it rest over the thudding pulse as the other stayed on his ass. Heat burned in his veins as he groaned, cock so deep inside him, it was as though they’d melded into one person.

There was no denying their connection, Will felt it immediately when they kissed the other night, and now that they were conjoining once more, his whole body felt alight in ways he'd never experienced before. Will ran his hands over Hannibal's chest, twisting his nipples once as he fucked himself on his cock.

"Will-" Hannibal groaned out, and in one fluid movement, flipped him onto his back before he bracketed his head with two strong forearms. He thrust into him harder, deeper, increasing his pace as he kissed him, chests flush together.

"Oh fuck-" Will managed, tightening his legs around Hannibal's hips, pulling him with his strong thighs, his whole body shaking with pleasure that built at the base of his spine, threatening to careen him over the edge once more.

Hannibal snarled and pounded Will, the bed shaking as his ass flexing. He bit into his mouth, his own orgasm ascending and reaching the precipice of release, almost ready to take the plunge into bliss. "Come, Will, let me feel you strangle my cock."

Will's whole body went tense as he grasped Hannibal with his arms and legs and throbbed around him, coming between their bellies, and up to his chest. "Hannibal, fuck…"

"Good, Will," Hannibal grunted, his teeth flashing as he drove into him a half a dozen more times and then finally let go. He came hot and thick inside the condom, filling it up as he roared like a beast. "Ah, yes-"

"Fuck, you look at you," Will groaned, hands on Hannibal's face, thumbing at his fang-like teeth. "Beast."

"A beast without a cage, and entirely focused on you," Hannibal husked and nipped at Will's thumb. "Only you."

"Maybe I'll cage you in my ribs and keep you near my heart," Will whispered, utterly taken by Hannibal, how their poetic minds seemed to meet perfectly in the middle. It was like home.

Hannibal kissed Will for that, hard and deep, holding his face. "Near your heart is the only place I truly wish to be, Will," he murmured, gazing at him. "Have you any idea that you've already won mine?"

"I do. I can feel it," Will sighed, contently, hand rubbing over Hannibal's chest, over his heart.

"Good," Hannibal smiled and placed his hand over Will's. He still wondered who it was on the phone before, the text, but he was basking in the afterglow for now. When his cock started to go down, he kissed him once more and slipped out, standing up. "I'll return shortly, Mylimasis."

Will watched Hannibal go with a lazy smile, hair splayed out around his head like a halo. "I'll be right here."

Humming, Hannibal went in the bathroom and after a few minutes he reemerged, cleaned up. “I'm pleased to see you kept your word,” he winked and got into bed with Will once more.

“I’m feeling too lazy to move,” Will said and rolled to curl into Hannibal. “But you did promise coffee.”

“That I did,” Hannibal smiled and kissed Will twice before getting back up. “Stay there, I'll bring it to you, my beauty.”

“Are you sure? I can get my lazy ass out of bed…” Will assured, not willing to be parted with Hannibal just yet.

“I shall leave the decision to you,” Hannibal winked and put on a maroon silk robe, tying it over his solid body. “I would not categorize your *ass* as anything other than a work of art, however.”

Grinning sheepishly at that, Will stood and pulled on another robe, a blue one, from the bathroom, and hugged Hannibal behind. “I’ll follow.”

“I was hoping that is what you would decide,” Hannibal hummed, resting his hands on Will’s forearms as they walked to the stairs to descend. Once in the kitchen, he turned and kissed him once before letting go to start making coffee in the press.

“I find it hard to be away from you,” Will admitted with a coy grin. He wasn’t always so willing to voice his needs and wants, but time and groups had him exercising exactly that, else he be alone forever. Will finally found something he wanted, and he wasn’t going to let it escape.

“And I, you, Will,” Hannibal related, falling hard and fast for the empath. Pouring the coffee into clear mugs, he added just a bit of sugar to cut the bite, and then with cream in hand, he looked at Will. “Do you take milk?”

“No thanks, just the sugar is fine,” Will said, taking the mug with a smile as he pressed the hot liquid to his lips. “Mmm…”

Hannibal did the same after blowing on it and relished the warm liquid as it went down his throat. He took another sip and smiled back. “Precisely what I needed. That is, after you.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Will hummed, taking a seat up on the counter. “You ravished me into hunger.”

“Then I shall prepare breakfast shortly. Perhaps a nice protein scramble to start the day and replenish our bodies,” Hannibal suggested, leaning in to kiss Will, almost unable not to.

“That sounds wonderful,” Will whispered, carding his free hand through Hannibal’s tousled hair.

Hannibal set his coffee down and then pulled Will closer by his waist, embracing him. He took in his scent and kissed his neck before letting go. “I'll start preparing it now, then.”

“Good. I’m starved,” Will whispered into his mug, watching Hannibal through dark lashes.

Swiftly, Hannibal began to cook. He started with the sausage and then the eggs, adding herbs and spices, some vegetables as well and after almost a half-hour he was done. The room smelled wonderful, the aroma of their breakfast hanging thickly there. Plating it, he gathered the dishes and nodded to the coffee. “If you'd be so kind as to bring the coffee, Mylimasis, I'll set the table.”

Will slid off the counter and grabbed their refilled mugs, following Hannibal to a more private dining table and less formal, and set the mugs down. “It smells divine.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal crooned and then set the plates down, adjusting the settings there before pulling out Will’s chair. He then sat down himself and waited.

Sitting, Will sipped his coffee and set it at the head of his plate, taking up his fork. “So, the other night at the bar, when you left and came back. Where do you go? Home?”

Hannibal sipped his coffee as well, canting his head curiously at Will with that line of questioning. “I went to my office to finish up a bit of work since it is nearby,” he answered, holding his fork.

“So you do work near me,” Will said, taking a bite with a pleased hum.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, happy Will seemed to like the food. He took a bite then and wiped his mouth. “I would love to show you where so that you can always find me if need be.”

“I’d like that,” Will said with a swallow, cutting into the dish for another forkful. “This is amazing.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled, and then took another bite as well, following it with coffee. He wanted every morning to be just like this--together with Will.

“Is it within walking distance of my boat?” Will asked, content to chitchat, however mundane, but he was also getting questions he was curious about answered. In return, he’d answer the same.

“A good fifteen-minute walk from your boat, yes,” Hannibal answered, taking another bite. He licked his lips and clasped his hands together. “Tell me, Will, have you any other suitors, or am I unique in this regard?”

“Suitors?” Will raised his brow at the word with a smile and then took another bite.

“Yes, a man or woman who wishes to be with you,” Hannibal explained and then smiled back. “Are you dating anyone else?”

“I know what it is,” Will said, more than aware. “There is no one I’m dating. I… do have a few of those friends with benefits, however.”

“A few?” Hannibal asked, with a raised brow. He appreciated the honesty but still felt searing hot coal of jealousy ignite in his core. Nonetheless, they weren't a couple, officially. “I am

thankful for your forthrightness, Will."

"Well, maybe a friend for one of them isn't the right term, definitely not a significant other, either of them," Will explained, raising his brow at Hannibal. "I'm not *dating* anyone but you."

Hannibal sniffed, his lip curling into a little snarl as he took a breath and nodded. "And for that, I consider myself the fortunate one amongst the group."

"Hannibal," Will said, leveling him with a look as he got up and draped himself over Hannibal's lap. "That means I'm only going to be sleeping with you. If you'll have me."

Smiling at that, Hannibal felt relief wash over him, though he was still curious as to who the others were. He kissed Will and nodded. "I knew I wanted you from the moment we started conversing in your bar, yes."

Will draped his arm over Hannibal's shoulder. "Good. I'm not going anywhere."

"I am pleased to hear it," Hannibal crooned, his hands sliding down Will's back. "Nor am I."

"No one else exists now because of you," Will whispered, nosing against Hannibal's cheek.

"Then we shall conquer the world alone, just the two of us," Hannibal whispered back and cupped Will's jaw, turning his face to nip at his coffee kissed lips.

"Just us." Will kissed Hannibal, slow and soft, biting at his lips.

"Yes," Hannibal smiled and threaded his fingers through Will's locks, tugging back to expose his neck, which the doctor then kissed up.

Will's curls dangled down over his shoulders and in Hannibal's hands. "Like… Achilles and Patroclus."

Hannibal flicked his gaze up to Will at that and kissed him hard, deep, and passionately on the lips. "Precisely, Mylimasis."

They shared a wavelength, something unusual that Will could feel between, and never had before with anyone else. He licked into Hannibal's mouth, holding the side of his face, over his jaw. Hannibal felt it too and it drew him in. The doctor massaged their tongues together, swirling, as his heart swelled with love, and cock with lust. Will moved and straddled Hannibal, kissing down into his mouth, rolling his naked hips down into his hips.

"William…" Hannibal murmured, reverent and deep, taking the robe the rest of the way off of Will to reveal all of his beautiful body. He scattered kisses from his jaw to his shoulder, scraping sharp teeth there.

Letting it drop to the ground, Will adjusted himself on Hannibal's lap, slowly rutting down on him, feeling his head against his hole. He was still lubed; it was tempting. "Hannibal…"

Hannibal's robe had opened and he slid his cock over that alluring little pucker, also quite tempted to press in. He growled quietly and began sucking a mark on Will's shoulder there. "Tell me what you desire, what you *need*."

"Mark me," Will groaned, and reached behind him to slip Hannibal right inside of him, a flush spreading over his tanned shoulders.

With a snarling groan, Hannibal began to fuck inside of Will, simultaneously sinking his teeth into the perfect skin of his beauty's neck. He felt it pop, crimson heading into his mouth which he lapped up eagerly. Gasping, Will held Hannibal's head against his throat, never more sure than he was right then that they *had* to be together.

"Hannibal-"

"Will-" Hannibal answered, moaning his name as he kissed the taste of his blood into his mouth and gripped his hips. He pressed his heels into the floor to give leverage and set a punishing pace.

Will's head lolled, body writhing over Hannibal's, hips rolling over and over. "Harder," he said, coming down on Hannibal as such, tasting copper on his tongue.

Hannibal, with a sweep of his arm, moved the dishes out of the way and rose to lay Will out on the table. He began to thrust into him wildly, grasping his shoulders to give him more force with each one. "Ah, Will. You feel exquisite."

Will hooked his legs over Hannibal's forearms, giving him the leverage to plow into him harder as he was pulled to the edge of the table. "Perfect-" he managed, blue eyes dark and hazy with lust.

"Yes," Hannibal growled out, his own hues practically black as he pounded Will, his cock battering his prostate. The doctor didn't let up, he kept his pace, and he noted how much better it felt without a condom - not that he'd minded before. "Will-"

Giving himself completely to Hannibal, Will went without it, confident in their hygiene and that their time together wouldn't be in vain. Will arched, raising his hips up, taking Hannibal in deeper and deeper, pounding his sweet spot over and over until the brunet cried out, nearing the edge. Hannibal felt the tug of orgasm in his balls, promising to spill soon as he jackhammered into Will. He held fast with his hands on his shoulders, leaning over him as he locked his eyes in striking sea blues.

"Hannibal-!" Will managed to gasp as he came, his own hand working his cock into utter completion, spilling over his fingers, and belly as his hole pulsed around the doctor.

As Will came, so did Hannibal, unable to hold back with the way his cock was being strangled by the beauty's body. He all but howled, teeth exposed, and hair in his eyes as he filled Will's ass with his hot seed. "Ah, William-!"

"Fuck, so hot," Will managed as he pulled Hannibal down to him, kissing him over and over again.

“Quite,” Hannibal grinned, his tone deep and rough as he kissed Will back, one last pulse of orgasm leaving his body.

“I could get used to all of this,” Will admitted, kissing Hannibal's jaw.

“As could I,” Hannibal agreed, his fingers taking through Will’s hair, the tips pressing into his scalp.

“You really want me?” Will asked, having never had that with anyone, it was always friends with benefits or a quick thing. Being wanted and understood…that was *new.*

“I want every fiber of your being, Will. From your perfect toes to your brilliant mind,” Hannibal answered without any hesitation. He was falling in love, and wanted to consume Will whole, possess him in ways that no one ever had or would.

“Even if I am just a bartender at a less than posh lounge?” Will asked, more or less trying to give Hannibal a way out now before they both were too attached.

Hannibal was already attached, and there was no going back - not that he wanted to anyways. He kissed Will again and stroked his cheek. “That is of no matter to me, Will, and it does not define you, or my feelings for you.”

“Good,” the brunet said, kissing Hannibal softly, promising himself to the doctor.

“Very,” Hannibal murmured and pulled out carefully, helping Will up to kiss him properly as he wrapped him in his strong, corded arms.

Come dribbled from his ass and onto the table, but Will didn't mind. “How busy is your practice?”

Hannibal would clean it soon enough, for now, he was enjoying their primal coupling and the chaos it left in their wake. “Not overly so. I only see a handful of patients. My practice is a bit exclusive in that regard.”

“Aren't you important,” Will crooned, arms around Hannibal's neck.

“It only matters if I am important to you,” Hannibal crooned back, nipping at Will’s jaw and lips.

“You are,” Will admitted softly, closing his eyes as he savored the feel of Hannibal’s lips on him.

“As are you,” Hannibal whispered and embraced Will, nosing into his hair. “Perhaps we should go to your boat soon. Your pack is undoubtedly hungry.”

“Yes, they will be,” Will agreed. “Let’s go clean up and we can do that.”

“An excellent idea,” Hannibal smiled and kissed Will once more. He began collecting the plates, preparing to take them to wash. “I'll attend to this and then get dressed, Mylimasis.”

“I’m going to go use your shower and all your very expensive shower gels,” Will said and kissed Hannibal’s cheek, gathering his robe from the floor.

“By all means, please do,” Hannibal grinned and then palmed Will’s ass as he was bent over, giving it a little swat before heading into the kitchen to clean the dishes.

Will ran up the stairs and into the shower, taking his time to borrow Hannibal’s razor and shave every part of himself that had become prickly. He then lathered up in the sweetest smelling scrub he could find and washed his curls with a wonderful shampoo. He could never afford these and was liberal with them while he could be. Once done, he got out and smoothed lotion over every inch of him and got dressed in his black dress once more, searching the house for his thigh highs and panties.

Hannibal had finished the cleanup and since Will was taking a bit, which he didn't mind, he'd gotten into the shower in one of the guest bathrooms. He had on grey trousers and a maroon sweater, hair combed, and face shaved when he spotted Will. “You look entirely edible,” he crooned and hooked his arm around his waist to catch him.

“I forgot my makeup at home,” Will sighed but leaned back into Hannibal. “Hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all, you look beautiful in all forms,” Hannibal murmured, and then kissed the side of Will’s smooth jaw.

“I’ll change at home,” Will insisted, turning round to kiss Hannibal properly on the mouth.

Hannibal let his hands slid down Will’s back, pressing over his lower back, just above the soft swell of his ass, and kissed him slowly, tasting the sweetness there. “Of course, Will.”

“I could just be naked and you wouldn’t care,” Will huffed, grinning at Hannibal as he kissed him one more time. “Help me find my shoes.”

“Oh I would certainly care, but it would not be in any sort of negative sense. Naturally, it would depend on where we were,” Hannibal winked and then let him go to look for his shoes. He found them half under the couch and handed them over, noting the size. “I wouldn't want anyone looking at you that way.”

“Thanks,” Will said as he took his heels to slip back on. He waited for Hannibal to get his coat and then slipped that on too.

“You're welcome, Will.” Hannibal got his keys once his coat was on and opened the door for Will, following him out to his Bentley. Once they were both inside, he buckled up, and started the engine, backing out of the driveway.

“Should be a nice day at the dock,” Will commented, looking up at the puffy clouds and clear skies.

“It is an exquisite day,” Hannibal agreed, smiling over at Will as he drove.

Sometime later after a pleasant drive, Hannibal pulled up at the dock and parked, getting out to open Will's door and offer his hand. Will took it and stood, carefully, but had enough practice he hardly needed it. He latched on to Hannibal's arm, clutch in hand.

Hannibal walked proudly with Will on his arm and dare anyone to say a thing. He also enjoyed the sound his beloved's shoes made clacking on the wooden planks. "Ah, I think I hear them barking for you now."

"Yeah, they're expecting me. I don't stay out all night usually," Will said as he gave Hannibal a look over his shoulder to fish out his keys and open up the boat.

"Perhaps next time I might sleep here if you're agreeable," Hannibal offered and walked inside once it was open. "Since we did not actually sleep the last time I visited your home."

"We didn't," Will agreed and shut the door, and then slipped his shoes off to toss into a pile there. "I would love to have you."

"Thank you. Simply name the time and I am all yours," Hannibal smiled, removing his shoes and setting them near the door as the dogs crowded around Will and then himself. "I would like to amend that by adding that I am yours anytime."

"Oh, I know," Will cooed as he undid his dress and stepped out of it and the stockings once more, leaving the panties on for now. He hung the dress up in the small closet and picked out a very snug pair of fitting jeans instead and a tighter v-neck shirt.

It took all of Hannibal's control not to walk over and press against Will's very beautifully sculpted ass. Instead, he swallowed and placed his hands in his trousers, opting to walk over and glance out the window to the water. "I'm pleased you're aware, my beauty."

"Just as I am sure you are aware that I am in return yours," Will said as he walked over, barefoot, and pressed up against Hannibal.

Hannibal turned to face Will better and wrapped his arms around him, his hands finding their way to his jeans-covered ass. "I am, yes, and utterly grateful for that knowledge."

"I really can't get enough of you," Will sighed as he kissed into Hannibal's mouth once more. "I feel like you see me. *Really* see me."

"I do, Will," Hannibal assured, and kissed him again. He couldn't get enough of him either, the doctor wanted to consume him until they were one. "And I, likewise, feel the same."

They hardly knew each other but that didn't matter, there was a level soul understanding here and Will was only just aware of it. He rested their faces together, breathing the same air. "Good."

"Yes, indeed," Hannibal murmured, his hands back in Will's hair, which he couldn't stop touching. He gazed at him up close, noting the various flecks of color in his eyes. Will smelled of lavender now from Hannibal's scented lotions, and his hair and skin were softer to the touch.

“On your sleepover here, should I count on making you dinner?”

“If you wish,” Hannibal whispered, enjoying the feel of Will’s hair moving through his fingers as his other hand stroked his face, absolutely delighted. “Or I can bring supper over or make something here.”

“We could cook together,” Will suggested, eyes lighting up at that. “My kitchen isn’t large; it’ll be cozy.”

Hannibal pressed closer still against Will and kissed his earlobe, down his neck as he scented him. “I think that would be quite glorious, my beauty.”

“I’m a terrible sous chef, but I’m a fast learner,” Will crooned softly.

“I imagine you are,” Hannibal rasped and then captured Will’s lower lip, sucking it into his mouth, between his teeth. “Once you realize that cooking is an art, it falls into place.”

“An art?” Will asked, raising his brow at the idea of that.

“Yes, or at least it is for those who allow it to be,” Hannibal answered, smiling.

“I could see that,” Will said with a whimsical smile. “As could drinks be.”

“They could yes,” Hannibal hummed and then nosed against Will’s jaw. “Nearly anything can be turned into artistry.”

“I think so, too,” Will said with a grin, and then pulled away, moving to the small fridge to pull out the dogs’ food and poured it into a few bowls.

Hannibal watched, noting how every move and nuance of Will’s was art in his mind. “Good. We are of the same mind, then.”

“I’ve thought so since the other night,” Will said as he batted his eyes over his shoulder.

Those eyes would be his undoing, Hannibal mused and then licked his lips. “As did I.”

Will stood and his clutch jingled again, so he pulled his phone out with a sigh. “Sorry.” He shot a very short answered text off and set his phone aside altogether. “If I don’t answer, he’ll call. If I don’t pick up, he’ll come over.”

“He sounds a bit obsessed,” Hannibal said, not liking that one bit. He would certainly need to find out more about this stranger who wanted *his* Will. It hardly mattered who'd found him first. “You have nothing to be sorry for. He is being rather rude and I find discourtesy unspeakably ugly.”

“He is who he is,” Will said, but not dismissively. “We’ve been friends for a bit, going on ten years.”

“As we all are,” Hannibal nodded, not being unkind by more contemplative, as well as referring to he and Will. “And you've never once taken things to a more intimate level?

Romantically speaking, I mean."

"No, never romantically. Matt is…" Will furrowed his delicate brows a little. "Different. Off a little. I'm almost certain he's killed someone before. Maybe."

Hannibal raised his brows then, canting his head curiously at that. "And this is something you perceive? Or are there other pieces of him that form that puzzle?" he asked, thankful to know at least his first name now.

"It's a feeling. Or, feeling off him anyway," Will explained, canting his head. "It's hard to explain."

"Empathy," Hannibal surmised, understanding then. It confirmed speculations. Taking Will's hand, he kissed it reassuringly. "Are you worried about how he will take the news of my being in your life now?"

"A little," Will admitted, walking into Hannibal's hold, finding comfort there even if he never said he needed it. "He gets a little possessive. I tell him he can't be, we aren't anything… he disappears for a few months and we're back where we started."

"Perhaps he should see us together. Maybe if he does the message will be clear," Hannibal suggested, holding Will and running a hand up and down his back, to his hair. He wondered what might happen if Matt did see them. "It worked with the men at your bar, did it not?"

"It did, slightly different situations," Will sighed, curling his fingers into Hannibal's chest. He'd still not gone back to work to see how that would pan out. He'd figure that out later.

"True, it is indeed different, but my offer stands all the same," Hannibal said and kissed Will's brow, fingers in his hair. He certainly wouldn't allow Matt to harm Will, though from the sound of things it wouldn't be his beauty that the vile man tried to harm.

"We'll see," Will whispered as he kissed Hannibal on the lips. "Hopefully he'll just be understanding."

"Yes, of course," Hannibal whispered back and kissed Will soundly, the dogs eating in the background. "Come what may simply know that I will not allow harm to befall you, my beauty."

"I'm not worried about me," Will murmured, eyes closed as he enjoyed the feel of Hannibal's lips on his own.

"And I am focused on nothing but you," Hannibal murmured back, thumbing over his jaw as he peppered kisses on Will's face.

"Fortunate," was all the empath said as he grasped Hannibal's face and kissed roughly.

A much more masculine kiss and Hannibal wondered if Will was feeling more that way at that moment or if it was simply a sliver slipping through the cracks. Either way, he quite enjoyed it and all forms of his beloved. The doctor kissed him back just as aggressively, gripping at his biceps. Falling hard, Will found it easy to let the lines of his sexuality and

gender blur, never one or the other as he had to be with most, just simply… himself. He groaned, deeper in his throat, as he pulled Hannibal against him, tongues pressed together heatedly.

Hannibal felt the boat rock, as they did against each other and he tightened his hold on Will. His other hand trailed up to those luscious locks which he tangled his fingers in and gripped, tongue exploring thoroughly. Will hummed, melting into the doctor, groaning lavasiously as he pressed them close together once more, the dogs whining at the door behind them.

“I could do nothing but this, for all eternity, and be completely satisfied,” Hannibal rasped when they took a breath. He went back in, licking the roof of Will’s mouth, to his teeth, and then his lips.

“Ditto,” Will coyly whispered, eyes half-lidded as he gazed at Hannibal with dark sea blues.

Hannibal grinned at that and let his hand fall to the soft swell of Will’s ass, where he kneaded, possessively. “I'm glad to hear that.”

“Let me let the dogs out for a bit, then we can continue this,” Will whispered, endearingly.

Releasing Will, Hannibal nodded. “Of course, Mylimasis, certainly,” he smiled.

Will slipped on a pair of boat shoes and then opened the door for the dogs as they spilled out. “You’re welcome to come…”

Hannibal put on his shoes and followed Will out, taking a breath of the salty air. “It is stunning today.”

“It is,” Will said, watching the dogs as they walked down the plank and off the boat to find some grass to do their business. Will found a few bags from the doorknob and followed them off.

Hannibal was right behind him, his expensive loafers tapping on the boards until he too was on the grass. “Tell me, Will, do you ever go swimming here?”

“When it’s nice enough,” Will said, over his shoulder, long hair whipping in the wind. Winter wasn’t the best time for that.

“Yes, of course, I meant in the summer,” Hannibal smiled, his eyes tracking Will’s hair, and back to his eyes. “It's a sight I would much enjoy partaking in when it's warm again.”

“Sticking around that long?” Will asked, turning to face Hannibal, aware the dogs wouldn’t go far.

“If you’ll have me,” Hannibal crooned, hands in his pockets as he focused only on Will.

Only time would tell where they’d be, but Will was attached already; seen and wholly accepted, he felt a peace he hadn’t in a long time, if ever. “Of course I will.”

Hannibal kissed Will for that, openly, and licked his lips afterward. “Good, I'm elated to hear it,” he said, his words not even beginning to scratch the surface of just how pleased he truly was.

“Of course, you’ll be required to strip down with me and get in,” Will offered, quietly, between breaths.

“And I shall do so at your bidding, as well as of my own satisfaction,” Hannibal winked, thumbing over Will’s cheek.

Grinning up close at Hannibal, Will curled his fingers into his chest once more, playing with his sweater collar. “I’d like that.”

“Am I… *interrupting*?” a voice said in an annoyed, almost whisper, boots thudding on the planks behind them. “Who’s your friend, Will?”

Will sighed, looking at Hannibal a moment before his eyes trailed over his shoulder to Matthew, one hand smoothing down Hannibal’s chest. “You are, actually. This is Hannibal. Hannibal, Matt.”

“Hannibal…” Matthew said, like those he was tasting his name to get a read on him. His shoulders squared and his muscular chest puffed out as he angled his body and turned to Hannibal, who was rather annoyed even if it didn't show.

“Matt,” Hannibal began and extended his hand to the other man, who gripped it firmly. “It's interesting to meet you,” he said, not choosing the word pleasure--it wasn't.

Matthew shook and let go, then ran his hand over his own chest, looking at Will with all the love in the world in his crazy blue eyes, before he turned back to Hannibal. Patting his arm, he grinned. “You look busy. I bet you are. So many things you have to do I assume,” he said, mirth in his tone as his hand covered his mouth. “Tell you what. You go ahead and I'll take it from here with Will.”

The proposition led Hannibal to raise a brow and he turned his head, eyes flicking to Will to see his thoughts on the idea. “I believe that is more for Will to decide, and *not* you.”

“Matt, you need to go,” Will said, slipping out of Hannibal’s grip for a moment, standing his ground. “What we had wasn’t anything. I’m with Hannibal now.”

“We aren't *anything?*” Matt asked rhetorically as he stepped closer to Will, Hannibal stepped closer to Matt, ready. “We are… we’re like two hawks, Will, mated. This person is just a bird we mean to prey on. We belong together. You’ll see that soon.”

“I suggest you do as Will said, lest you become quite familiar with the mechanics of hunter and prey,” Hannibal said, calm but there was depth to his words and fire in his eyes as he snarled a bit.

“It’s been ten years Matt. Soon has come and gone,” Will told his friend, forthright. “We’re good friends, I want to stay that, but you’re making it very difficult to want it.”

Matthew just stared at Will for a moment, his eyes seeming to convey a message, or maybe it was a promise before he looked back to Hannibal with cold insanity. “Alright, Will, as you say, but you'll come to realize you need me,” he said as he grinned at the doctor challengingly. Hannibal smiled back.

“Run along now, Matt, fly back to the safety of your nest,” Hannibal said, hooking his arm around Will. “Your presence is as unwelcome as your stench.”

Matthew laughed at that, winked at Will, and then turned on his heel to leave.

Will gave Hannibal a side-eye glance before turning to face. “That wasn’t necessary.”

“Nor were many of the things he said to you, as well as to me,” Hannibal pointed out calmly but his beast was still riled up and shaking the bars of its cage within his breast. “He indirectly threatened you, and myself.”

“He won’t hurt me, he’ll hurt you, though,” Will said, knowingly, swallowing hard, wondering if he’d made a mistake with coming out with his relationship with Hannibal.

“He’ll likely try to harm me, yes,” Hannibal said and then kissed Will’s mouth. He hoped that Matt would come after him; self-defense was a much better excuse. “The operative word being try. I'm hardly worried, nor should you be, my beauty.”

“Again, worried for you, not me,” Will whispered against Hannibal’s mouth. He did so hate to think he might be dragging the doctor into something quite worse.

Hannibal got there all on his own and he regretted nothing. He held Will’s face, gazing at him lovingly. “Thank you, my love, but I assure you, he is not a concern to me in that regard.”

“No?” Will asked, well aware his beau was not a helpless man, as danger lurked behind those amber wolfish eyes.

“No,” Hannibal answered and released Will to look into his eyes, assessing.

“I’m sorry he was rude,” Will sighed.

“It's alright, Will, hardly your fault in the slightest,” Hannibal assured and took Will’s hand walking him back towards the boat.

Will pulled back to quickly clean up the dogs’ messes and then tossed the bag into the trash at the end of the dock and then headed his pack inside, taking Hannibal’s hand once more.

Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

The next evening Will had to work once more. He dressed back in his work clothes, hair pulled back, no shaving that day so the scruff settled in across his jaw and cheeks, a little down his neck. Work was bittersweet without Hannibal, and Will found himself missing him the longer he worked, the more he was hit on by mindless patrons. On break, he sent off an *"I miss you*" message to Hannibal before getting back at it.

Hannibal finished seeing his last late patient and looked at his phone, smiling at the text. He began typing right away, in response.

"And I, you, Will. I think I might need to sample more of your selection when I leave my office. -H."

Will smiled at that. "*See you soon?"*

"Very soon," Hannibal responded and hit send, pocketing his phone and grabbing his keys before leaving.

Just a few minutes later and the elegant doctor parked, walking towards the entrance of Will's place of work. He was pleased to observe that there were not a group of bottom feeders standing outside. Hannibal strolled inside, and sat at the bar, looking at his beauty from behind as he waited to be noticed.

Will looked over his shoulder at the doctor a few seconds later, smiling with mirth that dazzled his blue eyes in the low light. "Chianti?"

"For starters, please," Hannibal grinned and winked as he leaned forward on his forearm on the bartop. His cologne permeated the air around him, only adding to his debonair allure.

"Coming right up," Will said, serving the martini to one customer first, and then pulled a clean glass down for the wine. He popped the top and poured Hannibal a glass.

Hannibal slid the money for the drink across the table, a generous tip once more, only this time he knew that things were different than the first. "Thank you, Mylimasis."

"Taking that tip now would make it seem like you *are* paying for me," Will murmured as he wiped the counter down near Hannibal, but left the money for now.

"It is no different than spending money to take you to dinner, or when buying a gift," Hannibal pointed out, taking up the tip and leaving just the money for the drink itself. "But I retract my offer to quell any concerns you may still have lingering there."

"I would rather just have dinner or a gift," Will retorted softly, though he expected neither.

“Noted,” Hannibal chuckled quietly and then sniffed the wine, taking a slow sip after letting it coat his tongue. He fully intended to spoil Will if he'd let him and the tip offered had also been a way to encourage other patrons to tip his beloved well.

Will’s tips were always the best, he made sure of that, attentive as he was with them. “Good.” He was tempted to lean across the bar to kiss Hannibal but knew better on the job, so he flashed him a coy grin instead.

Hannibal grinned back--charming, devilish grin--and set his drink down as a woman tried to catch his eye from the other end of the bar. He ignored her, naturally, more curious to how Will might react if he did. “Have you seen the men from before in here tonight?” he asked quietly, eyes only on his beauty.

“No, not yet,” Will said, ever able to read people, and to have someone give off those signals for Hannibal made him narrow his eyes a fraction. “Let me check on my customer.”

“Excellent, and of course,” Hannibal said, and then sipped his drink as he waited and observed. He considered serving Will a special meal sometime very soon.

Will took the woman’s order, who also asked for wine, the one Hannibal had. Will smiled at that, and gave her the less nice one and sat the glass down. She gave a soft ‘thanks’ and quirked her brow over at Hannibal before taking a sip. Will shook his head slightly and went back to Hannibal.

“She wanted your wine.”

“And you gave her a cheap imitation,” Hannibal grinned and reached over to graze his fingers over Will’s hand, both out of desire for him and to let her know he was most assuredly *not* available.

“I did. She doesn’t have to know,” Will whispered as he cocked a coy brow at his beau.

Hannibal chuckled, keeping his voice down as he winked at Will and took another sip of his Chianti. "Your secret is safe with me, my beauty."

“Good, I’d hate for her to be angry later,” Will grinned, fluttering his fingers over Hannibal’s hand once.

“We couldn't have that, could we?” Hannibal smiled and licked his lips as he felt the contact from his beloved. “How much longer until you're off?”

“You caught me earlier tonight,” Will said, wiping the counter once more, taking a look at his bar to be sure he wasn’t neglecting people.

“I did, yes,” Hannibal nodded, sitting back to show Will he wasn't trying to deter him from his work completely. “I'll have my drink and then let you work. I can return when you're off if you'd like?”

“You can stay, too, if you like,” Will said with a flirtatious smile.

“How could I refuse you?” Hannibal flirted back, leaning forward again and finishing his drink. “I will require another, however. Please.”

Will nodded and pulled the bottle from under the counter, away from the other woman so she wouldn’t see, and poured Hannibal more. “You may need walking back to my place after this…”

“Are you concerned I cannot hold my liquor?” Hannibal joked and tipped the glass at Will before taking another sip. He leaned closer and narrowed his eyes seductively, “Or are you simply trying to lure me into your bed? I told you, Will, you've ensnared me already.”

“Both,” Will whispered coyly, topping off Hannibal’s wine to the rim discreetly. “Wine can sneak up on you.”

“That it can,” Hannibal agreed and took another drink, his eyes never straying from Will’s, even as he licked a stray drop from his full lips. “Then I shall be at your mercy, should I fall victim to the beverage that I am partaking of.”

“I’ll take very good care of you,” Will crooned softly, and went to check on his patrons, and then the woman once more. She paid her tab and left a card. Will walked back to Hannibal and set it down. “She asked me to give it to you. I inclined only because you two share professions.”

Hannibal looked at the card and then slid it back towards Will. “While I thank you for your trust and honesty, I have no need of it,” he said, having heard of the name of the blonde woman before, now that he knew it. “There is nothing I need to speak with her about and should she have a professional inquiry she can seek me out at my office.”

Will tossed the card once she was out of the bar, a smile on his face. “That she could.”

“Yes, though I'd rather she doesn't,” Hannibal grinned and took another drink. “She could never possess what you already have and hold in your hands.”

“She might have followed you here,” Will said, wondering how Dr. Du Maurier knew Hannibal would be here.

“It's a possibility, and if she did, it escaped my notice,” Hannibal said, clasping his hands together as he contemplated. “Which is a rare occurrence.”

“Maybe she just happened along,” Will suggested, but he hardly thought it coincidental.

“It is possible but she did not look the type to be a frequenter of bars. At least if she does it would be a different sort entirely,” Hannibal offered, not disrespecting the bar Will worked in but she looked more the elegant establishment sort of woman.

The lounge itself was not terrible, but it was hardly the posh environment that would reach out to people like Hannibal and Dr. Du Maurier. “True enough. You happened in though.”

Hannibal had a reason originally for going there, but that had changed quickly once he'd laid eyes upon Will. Still, it was a valid point. “Yes, that I did. I will keep a vigilant eye on the

situation."

"I'm not worried," Will said, though the jealousy did bite at his nerves a little bit, he trusted his new beau would never stray.

The good doctor never would, he was unshakably devoted to Will, and nothing or no one could ever change that. He took his beloved's hand and kissed it quickly, as to not cause any problems for him at work. "I'm pleased you're not," he said, nearly confessing his love but this was hardly the setting.

Will gleamed at Hannibal, looking around the bar, and then quickly went to another waitstaff and returned to Hannibal a moment later. "I'm taking my break," he said and walked around the bar, taking Hannibal's hand.

"Excellent," Hannibal crooned, and laced his fingers with Will's, the other hand holding his wine as he let his beauty take him where he saw fit.

Will brought Hannibal out a side door so he could have his wine as well, and then kicked the stop down to prop it open. The back alley was quiet and secluded. "Ah, semi-fresh air."

Hannibal chuckled, not thrilled with the smell of the alleyway at all. It reeked of low lives and urine. Banal and tasteless, but it also meant he had a moment alone with Will and that was all that mattered. "Yes, and I admit it is nice to have you alone."

"For a minute at least," Will whispered as he grasped Hannibal's face to kiss him sweetly.

Hannibal angled his head and wrapped his arms around Will, kissing him deeply. He groaned quietly and laved their tongues together. Careful of Hannibal's wine, Will kissed him harder, taking in every breath, every scent he could, a soft groan resonating through this chest.

"Will…" Hannibal murmured, setting his wine down on a table outside of there, that employees used, and then gently grasped Will's face and kissed him harder.

"Mmm," Will hummed, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, getting as close as he could physically.

Hannibal pressed Will back against the wall and devoured his mouth, pouring all his love and desire right into the warmth of it. "Perhaps it's not the time," he said, murmuring as he caught his breath, "but you must know I love you, Will."

They'd only known each other less than a handful of days, but their connection was boundless. "Do you really?" he whispered, keeping them close, lips meshed together.

"I do," Hannibal said, having known he loved Will just after their first conversation. It was more than his beauty, it was his mind, and the quiet power he sensed beneath his skin. The good doctor kissed Will anew, his lips pressing a promise against the others.

"As do I love you," Will whispered sweetly, biting at Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal's heart raced faster at that and he kissed Will again, over and over, unwilling to stop. "Then I am fortunate."

"We both are," Will groaned, wishing he had more time, at least for a quicky, but his break would be up before he knew it.

"Yes," Hannibal murmured and held Will tighter, not wanting to let go ever. He kissed his lips, his jaw, and his neck.

Head lolling to the side, Will hummed his remark as it caught in his throat, utterly enthralled with his beau. His fingers dug into bulking biceps, keeping him just there. "Mm."

"I would take you here, in this alley, if we had the time," Hannibal husked, and lightly licked with the tip of his tongue along Will's pulse.

"Maybe another time," Will groaned, pulling Hannibal by the shirt for another heated kiss before he had to return to duties.

Hannibal happy obliged and held Will's face as he kissed him, tasting the sweetness of his mouth as their tongues danced with delight in unison. "Yes, another time indeed. Likely tonight, since you've offered to walk me home if I am unable to do so on my own."

"To my place for a sleepover," Will offered, quietly, biting at Hannibal's lip once.

"A sleepover most assuredly," Hannibal accepted and smiled coyly, biting back. "I will be without proper sleep attire however so I fear I may have to do so in the buff."

"I won't mind," Will whispered, and looked at his watch, and then kissed once more. "Finish your wine, I'll get you another."

Hannibal nodded with a smile and licked his lips, finishing his wine. "Thank you," he whispered and kissed Will's hand, opening the door all the way for him.

Will walked in and waited, kissed Hannibal once more, and then went back around the bar, taking Hannibal's glass. "Something different?"

"Yes please, and I shall leave it up to your judgment," Hannibal winked and sat back down at the bar, splaying his hands on his forearms as he crossed them.

Will bent down behind the counter to see what he had and brought up a bottle of with a beautiful maroon and gold label. "Cabernet Sauvignon," he said, giving Hannibal a new glass, and poured it in slowly.

"Exquisite taste," Hannibal said, approvingly and looked up at Will, love in his eyes as he licked his lips yet again. Taking the glass, he sniffed it and savored the vintage. "A good year."

"A very good year. I think you can afford it," Will grinned, turning to check on the patrons and relieve the waiter who had covered his break.

Will served a few more drinks, cashed out checks, and then returned to Hannibal to see if he was still enjoying. Hannibal was enjoying the evening and he narrowed his eyes playfully, feeling a bit of the alcohol thrumming through his system as he looked at Will.

As more time passed, finally Will checked out the last person at the bar and then Hannibal, and started to clean up for the night. “Feel free to stick around, they won’t mind if you’re here with me.”

“I shan't be leaving you now,” Hannibal smiled, a bit tipsy in all actuality. A rarity indeed but he allowed himself indulgence and still had his wits about him. “Is there anything I can do?”

“Nothing you’re allowed to do,” Will said and poured himself a glass of wine to enjoy as he cleaned up the countertops first.

“True enough,” Hannibal chuckled and finished the last of his wine, crossing one leg over the other as he waited for Will to finish.

Will cleaned counters and dishes and put everything away, corking off the bottles once more, and then finished his wine, taking both their now empty glasses and washing those. He set them in the washer for a better run and turned it on.

“Alright, we can go.”

“Yes, that sounds like an excellent idea,” Hannibal smiled and held out his hand once he stood. “Would you like to drive the Bentley?”

“Sure,” Will said, with a coy brow. “You trust me?”

“Implicitly,” Hannibal assured, winking and taking Will’s hand, his other offering over the keys.

Will took the keys and escorted Hannibal to his car, and opened the door for him this time, and shut it. Getting in, he buckled up and started the car. The steering was smooth under his hands as he pulled out of the parking lot and into the street, a grin spread across his stumbled cheeks.

Hannibal buckled up and looked over at Will with amusement. “You do look quite alluring behind that wheel, Will, if I may say so,” he said with a hum. “Enjoying yourself?”

“Very much,” Will laughed, stopping at the light. “I haven’t driven in a while.”

Making a note of that, Hannibal nodded and chuckled. “It suits you, Will, as though you were made for such things.” His Will only deserved the very best.

“I don’t have a car, it broke beyond my ability to fix it, too many things,” Will said, shaking his head as he took a left toward the docks. “I fixed the engine, but then the belts went, the brakes, it turned into a project I couldn’t keep up with money-wise.”

“I see,” Hannibal nodded and rubbed his chin briefly. He didn't offer money then, but thoughts were coming quickly, as were ideas. “I have a great many talents, but repairing

things of a mechanical nature are not among them."

"I like to work on motors, get a little dirty," Will said with a side look at Hannibal and grin.

"I think I'd love to observe that," Hannibal rasped, finding he liked the primal nature of the scenario. "Does it distract you or allow you to feel a sense of accomplishment when you have successfully repaired it?"

"I'm good at it," Will shrugged as he parked at the dock and looked over at Hannibal, eyes bright in the clear moonlight. "So it's soothing."

Hannibal took off his seatbelt and then leaned over, kissing Will reverently. Pulling back to speak, he thumbed along his beloved's lips. "It is the same as when I play the harpsichord, I imagine."

"We all have our… instruments," Will whispered, unbuckling as well, and then kissed Hannibal once more. "Let me go around and help you out."

"That we do and thank you," Hannibal said, not minding the gesture at all. He sat back in his seat and awaited Will.

Will got out, took the keys, and opened Hannibal's door, offering his arm, gallantly. Hannibal took it and rose, elegantly, despite the tipsiness, and shut the door. He smiled at Will, letting him lead. "I do enjoy being on your arm, Mylimasis."

"Do you like it more compared to me on yours?" Will asked, leading the slightly tipsy beau to the boat, helping up the ramp and into the cabin.

"I quite like both ways," Hannibal answered honestly as he walked inside. He nearly lost his footing at one point but elegantly composed himself.

Will laughed and helped Hannibal from his shoes and jacket. "Good thing I can do both."

"Yes, indeed," Hannibal crooned, gazing at Will with all the love in the world. Once he was free of his restraining jacket and shoes, he wrapped his arms around his beloved and kissed him. "I am fortunate."

"You are," Will whispered and kissed Hannibal fully in the mouth, humming.

Hannibal gently pulled the band from Will's hair and let it fall free, slipping his fingers into the soft curly locks there as he kissed him, pressing against him possessively. The bartender groaned, melting into Hannibal's grasp, licking into his mouth slowly.

"Will," Hannibal murmured, and tugged Will's hair, making his head go back so he could lick up the long column of his throat.

"Hannibal," Will managed, gripping Hannibal's arms tightly.

Hannibal growled at that and bit over to the side of his neck, covering him with his body as he tasted him. "I could devour every last inch of you, over and over."

“Please do,” Will murmured, arching into his mouth.

Hannibal pressed Will against the wall then, bracing his palms on the wood as he kissed him again and ground his hard, trouser-covered erection into him. “As you wish.”

Will swallowed hard and pressed his palms against the wall for a moment, moaning Hannibal's name again. Hannibal stepped back, and undid his tie, and then his pants, taking off everything until he was just in his silk boxers. He clasped his hands together and narrowed his seductive gaze on Will.

“Remove your clothing and face the wall, Will.”

Will's eyes blew dark with lust, and he stripped them down out of his work clothes, piling them on the bed. He faced the wall, holding his hands there. “Like this?”

“Yes,” Hannibal growled and looked at his Will. He took in every curve and muscle, running his hands down Will’s back, to his ass, which he slapped. “Tell me then, who do you belong to, hm?”

Will groaned at the words, biting his lip once as he looked over his shoulder at Hannibal. “You, only you.”

“Good,” Hannibal hummed, and then kissed the corner of Will’s mouth before going to his nape to do the same. He began licking and nipping down the bartender’s spine, stopping at the cleft of his ass. He bit each cheek and spread them, groaning at the sight. “I mean to make you come multiple times tonight.”

“God, I love you a little tipsy,” Will managed, thighs spreading slowly as he pushed his hips back into Hannibal's tongue.

Hannibal grinned and slapped Will’s other cheek, before diving in. He plunged his tongue inside, without preamble and swirled it around, trying to open the taut muscle there. “You taste better than the most decadent meal,” he murmured and then went back to it, large hands gripping firmly into his beauty’s muscular ass.

Falling apart at the seams, Will gripped the wall the best he could, keeping himself up, ass out. “Then eat me whole…”

The doctor pressed his face forward, in between Will’s ass, as far as he could and feasted there, his hand reaching around to stroke his cock. He snarled with pleasurable delight as he speared his beloved open with his tongue, insist on bringing him to unspeakable new heights of unbridled ecstasy. One of Will’s hands dug deep into his hair, holding Hannibal there as he moaned whorishly.

Each sound that came from Will, only caused Hannibal to probe further, lick more insistently. He picked up the pace of his stroking to match the rhythm of his tongue. The quicker the actions, the louder Will became, unable to help the sounds Hannibal dragged out of him.

Delighted, Hannibal continued for a good ten more minutes before standing. He pressed against his back and nipped at his neck. “I wish to give you anything you desire, Will. You need only ask.”

“You give before I can,” Will mused huskily, completely worked open, wet, and wanting.

Hannibal looked around and saw lube on the table, which he used to slick his cock up quickly. “I do try to anticipate your needs,” he grinned and lined the tip with Will’s hole before slowly easing in from behind. “Mm Will-”

“We work well together,” Will mentioned with a gasp, hands on the wall as he rolled his ass back to take Hannibal in.

“We do,” Hannibal agreed with a groan and gripped Will’s hips, starting to drive into him faster, swiveling his hips as his breath came out in hot bursts.

Already on the verge from his thoroughly rimming, Will’s head dropped between his shoulders as he groaned out, a wave of heat flushing bright over lightly tanned skin. “Harder-”

Hannibal snarled at that and obliged. He pounded Will’s ass, long and deep, as hard as he could go. The doctor tug bruises into his beloved’s hips, happy with the marks that would leave as he growled loudly. “Insatiable one-”

“Hannibal...” Will managed to grunt out as his body melted against the wall, heft, large breaths puffed against the dinghy paint.

“Will…” Hannibal grunted out, sweat forming over his heated skin as hair hung into his eyes. He pulled out suddenly, turned Will around, and hoisted him into his arms to fuck him that way. The doctor plunged back in effortlessly and held him up with strong arms. “I wish to see you come.”

Leaning into the wall, Will arched, taking Hannibal in deeper this way, his whole body writhing against Hannibal. His hands dug deep into his skin, bruising his shoulders as the empathic bartender lost himself to the rhythmic sensation of pleasure bleeding into his veins. Finally, Will came in jerking motions, gasping and gripping Hannibal’s tighter with each wave that pulsed through his groin.

It was a beautiful sight, art, and it pulled Hannibal over the rocky edge, right into the ocean of his release. With a few more precise thrusts, he unleashed, filling Will up to the brim with his spend. “Ah, Will,” he managed, panting and flashing his teeth just before he claimed his mouth in a ferocious love induced kiss. “Breathtaking.”

Will wrapped every limb around Hannibal and kissed him back, slowly, breathing with him. He was growing attached, more in love with each moment they shared, and with that came the anxiety that something would ultimately tear them apart. He pushed that down, not willing to let it rip into him so easily. “Mhm…”

Hannibal would sooner plunge off a cliff, into the sea than to let himself be torn from Will. The beauty had left his mark, claimed part of his very soul. “I love you, Will,” he murmured and pressed him against the wall to kiss him again. “Infinitely.”

“I love you,” Will echoed back, a soft whisper from his heart that he knew didn’t even begin to describe how grateful he was for Hannibal’s love and understanding of his person and mind.

It was like a song that reverberated through the good doctor, one he never wished to stop hearing as he gazed at Will with worshipful eyes. Gently, he walked over to the sofa and sat down so that his beauty could rest atop his lap. “You own me, Will, you have your hand within my breast and around my heart. It beats for you only.”

“You’re in trouble, Doctor Lecter,” Will whispered, curling into his lover’s embrace. “To be so attached already will surely be your undoing.”

“I give myself willingly to you, do as you will,” Hannibal grinned, and held him closer, tighter, unwilling to let go under any circumstance. “I am not one who fears being undone and exposed, not in this situation with you.”

“Even if I see through every crack and shine light into the darkest places of your mind and heart?” Will asked, carefully, but attuned to Hannibal, nonetheless.

“I have already decided to let you see me, Will,” Hannibal assured, knowing he was more vulnerable to him than he'd ever been with another. Such was love. “Shine as many lights as you may see fit.”

“Tell me something about you I don’t know yet,” Will asked, playfully, curious to know all of the men he had fallen for so deeply, so quickly.

“I can speak seven different languages,” Hannibal grinned, starting slow. There were things Will didn't know and he intended to show him every single one. “Your turn. Quid pro quo.”

Will hummed, thoughtfully, not sure what he wanted to tell Hannibal just yet, but he was certain the doctor would know, either way, one way or another. “I couldn’t afford to attend college. My father was poor, and I wanted that degree. I really thought it would take me places. So, I paid for it in other ways.”

“My only regret is that I did not meet you sooner, Will,” Hannibal whispered, his cock flaccid and out of his ass now. He leaned forward and kissed him on his brow, showing that he respected him more for having confessed to that. “I was orphaned as a boy. I had a sister, Mischa. She was killed.”

“I’m so sorry,” Will whispered, his meager ventures in life seemed to dwindle away when he felt Hannibal’s keen memories like he was tasting them in the air.

Hannibal felt his eyes moisten with things he'd not spoken of in… well forever or to anyone. “It was long ago, but thank you, my beauty,” he said quietly and kissed him. “Trust that those

who murdered her got what they deserved in the end." Another glimpse behind the person suit as he said that, his eyes flashing dark briefly before they went back to normal.

"We have to do things we don't plan to at some point," Will said elusively, gazing into Hannibal's eyes.

"Yes, precisely," Hannibal agreed and ran his fingers through Will's long locks, pressing gently into his scalp. "Is there anything else you've done that you did not otherwise plan?"

Will's head lolled back into Hannibal's palm as he considered his answer. "Well… I killed someone in self-defense once. It was a long process, but I was acquitted."

"I'm thankful you were," Hannibal crooned, his pulse faster at the knowledge. He licked his lips and studied Will intently. "Tell me, how did you do it?"

Quiet a moment longer, Will licked his bottom lip once before bringing up his hands and turning them over, palms up. "With my hands… I was angry, I just kept beating him once I had him down. He didn't see it coming from me. Not me in the short skirt and heels."

Hannibal took Will's hands at that and kissed each one reverently, as he looked at his beauty in his stunning eyes. To say he was impressed and aroused was an understatement, but he kept composure, aside from a glint in his own amber hues. "How did it make you feel? Do you regret it?"

"I regret the career it cost me," Will admitted, cupping Hannibal's face with his palms. "The act itself was powerful. Too long had I let him get away with things, and I finally snapped." Will closed his eyes. "It felt… *good*."

"Killing feels good to God too, he does it all the time," Hannibal murmured, leaning into Will's touch. "And are we not made in his image? You did what you had to, Will."

Biting his own lip, Will nodded a little. It was years ago, but he could still remember the feel of the man's neck break under his hands, powerful and senses heightening. "I didn't have to kill him. I could have left him at the brink."

Hannibal let his hands trail down Will's back and up again as he held his gaze, taking in every word. "You took control, Will, you saved yourself from the threat of a future attack. It is as cunning as it is beautiful."

There'd never been regret for what he'd done, only that he could have done it differently. Will held Hannibal's gaze, knowing with some certainty that he could trust that Hannibal would never show disgust in his decisions of violence, no matter how off-putting they might seem to Will. "Saved me and others, I'd like to think."

"Indeed you did, my beauty," Hannibal,l whispered and leaned in to place a worshipful kiss on his lips, all but tasting the quiet power that resided there. He had sensed it initially and now wanted to uncover it fully, bask in the glow of its radiance-- of Will.

Feeling the praise, Will reveled in it silently for a moment, allowing himself the pride he had shrugged off at the time of the event. The darkness inside of himself reached out willingly to Hannibal, tugging on his heart to pull them closer together, a new bond forging, one that Will was sure he'd never be able to veer from. He rested his head against the doctor's, breathing together in synchronized harmony.

Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Weeks passed by quickly, the two of them growing together in harmony in a way Will never thought possible. Hannibal was the end-all to everything Will needed, and he no longer felt alone in a world that had once been crueler than anything else.

Expecting Hannibal later that night to come to drive him to his house after work, Will went through his shift with anticipation. He served his familiar bar-goers, including an unusual one that had been in a few times before. Will got strange but sympathetic vibes from them, some sort of trauma he could only begin to chip away at without conversing, and something told him he didn't want to be doing that.

As the night went on, the estranged blond stuck around and then left an hour before Will was off. After clocking out, Will headed out to the street, Hannibal texting to say he'd be just a few minutes late, so Will waited.

As he waited, the blond from the bar earlier ran frantically over to Will, their chest heaving as panic filled their lungs. "Excuse me, please. It's Precious, she's not breathing, my dog isn't breathing!"

Will stared at them and then narrowed his eyes as he listened to his pleas for help. "Your dog? Where?"

"In my van, this way," they said, urgency and worry coloring his features and resounding in his tone as they brushed hair from their eyes.

"I'm not a vet, but I can tell you where to find one open this late," Will said, walking quickly with the bar patron. "What happened to her?"

"Thank you," the blond said, their tone unique and almost muffled, deep and anxious. "I was walking her and she fell over on her side, she's old and I feared the worst."

They reached the blond's van and they opened the back, revealing the white poodle laying very still, on its side, in a little bed there. "If you could maybe help me look in her throat, while I hold her? If she's swallowed something there may not be time to get her to a vet. Please."

"Yeah, of course," Will said, feeling for the dog as he saw her lying there. He got in and touched her, thankful she was still breathing at least.

"That's it, thank you," they said and then hit Will over the head with a nearby baton. When they were certain he was unconscious, they tied him up, gagged him, careful of the beautiful chocolate tresses, and then got upfront. The dog was fine, well trained, and hopped up into their lap, as the chipper techno tune played softly on the radio.

***

Will came to sometime later. Disoriented, his eyes blurred into focus after a few blinks, unable to rub them as his limbs seemed to be bound, asleep from not moving them. He groaned, taking to memory the smell of mold and water, the dampness in the air. Darkness surrounded him as he took in every detail he could, head throbbing.

A basket came down the well, and inside was a minuscule bit of bread, water, and leave-in conditioner. “The binds should come loose if you pull hard enough,” a nonchalant, stoic voice echoed from above. “Then take the items in the basket, condition its hair, and place it back inside.”

Will pushed hard enough on the ropes and they finally tugged free, but he didn't look in the basket or take anything from it. He managed to his feet, feeling around the cool, damp walls, just now realizing the off feeling he'd gotten from the strange man at the bar was something he should have paid closer attention to.

“Let me out!” Will said, starting to feel the ebb of anxiety blur the lines of reality and headspace.

They sprayed Will with a shower of cold water, from shoulders to feet as they pet the dog. “It sprays the conditioner on its hair, or else it gets worse from there.”

Will crouched low to get the least of the water beating, hands up to try and stave it off. Shivering, panting, he took the spray bottle of conditioner and sprayed it into his now wet hair, slowly, working it in. When he was done, he set it back in the basket, teeth chattering.

Wordlessly, they lifted the bucket, light reflecting off the bottle as it went higher, showing just a hint of blood and bits of fingernails in the well’s walls. Will held a hand to his face, horrified if only because his situation was starting to take a very, very all too real turn for the worst.

“I can give you anything you want… please-”

They felt a pang of guilt and screamed nonsense at Will, then proceeded to mock him, tugging at their own shirt. “Please, please, boo hoo! It shuts up now!”

Something in Will broke as he stood back, crouched once more against the wall. He didn’t say another word like his voice had gone stale in his own throat, constricted there, frozen. Satisfied, the blond threw the bread and bottled water down the well, walking off. The next sound heard was music and a sewing machine.

The music would be stuck in his head forever now, trapped in the well, stuck down there, with no escape in sight. Will felt along the walls, wet and dinged in blood and flesh, likely of those who had been down there before. The water and bread he left, but took out and set aside. His stomach was too knotted to think, let alone eat.

***

Hannibal had looked for Will, searched in a nearly frantic effort to find him - which was rare for the composed Doctor. Nothing. No Will. Not a trace. No one at the bar had seen him, but someone did say they saw him with the strange bar patron with a terrible blond wig.

After careful research, questioning that went no further than that, Hannibal finally decided to contact Jack Crawford to check the situation out since night had given way to the morning with still no sign of his beauty.

***

“He has all but vanished, Jack,” Hannibal said, having just explained everything he knew up to that point. “What might I do to be of assistance?”

Jack was confused as to why Lecter would bring this case to him, it was police work, not Behavioral Sciences work. “You can start by filing a police report, Doctor Lecter. I can’t do anything unless he’s been missing a while, or foul play was suspected. Maybe he’s just… fishing?”

Jack had heard about Will, his past, the damage, and his gifts that would have helped a department like his, but his hands were tied.

“He wouldn't be fishing all night, right after work, and without letting me know,” Hannibal said, starting to find the agent distasteful. “As I said, he was seen with a bar patron. A man, supposedly, with a rather hideous blond wig. I feel as though this is something you might want to look into.”

Sighing, Jack sat down at his desk and pulled out a file, and then started to fill out a form. Only this once. “That’s all you have? Didn’t anyone see a car? Or have a name?”

“I plan on continuing to investigate further. There are tire tracks nearby, but I haven't the resources to assess. Which is why I need your help,” Hannibal said, crossing a leg over the other. “There is a bit of familiarity resounding with the mention of the wig. I'll look into my patient files.”

“I’ll get Zeller, Katz, and Price on it,” Jack said, well aware that Lecter was a resource they could use in the future. Besides, there’d been a few other missing person reports popping up lately, maybe they could get a lead now.

“It is appreciated, Agent Crawford. I will owe you one,” Hannibal said, smoothing down his tie, his eyes worn and sleepy.

“You’re welcome to join the team as they check the scene. I’ll get a police crew there to rope it off,” Jack said and picked up his phone to call in a few orders. It wasn’t what they did, but if this led to something bigger, then it’d be worth the stern lecture later.

“Of course I will,” Hannibal said, having planned on that. He would go to his office to check the files while it was all set up. “I'll meet you there in half an hour. You have the address I've given you. Thank you, Agent Crawford.”

***

The forensics team got to work, the bar shut down for now as they set about trying to get what they could from a crime scene that was more than hours old. Jack stood around, hands on his hips, watching them, keeping a keen eye out to see if the man responsible would come back, sometimes they did.

Hannibal pulled up in his Bentley and got out, walking over to Jack, a file in his hand as he did. In his other, he had coffee, which he sipped to refresh himself. “Have you found anything out?” he asked to commence.

“They’re taking tire tracks from the parking lot, but there’s a lot of them, the rain has washed a lot away, too,” Jack explained, hands in his trench coat pockets. “Lot of people go in and out of here…”

“I suspected as much,” Hannibal sighed slightly and then offered over the file. “It's a small shot in the dark but I had a patient once, Benjamin Raspbel, and he spoke of his lover, Jame Gumb. The description fits. Everything I am allowed to give you without an order, is in this file.”

Jack raised a brow, taking the file, and opened it to look it over. “You… think he took Will Graham because he was denied his sex change?”

“They, as it seems they prefer to be considered,” Hannibal corrected, respectfully. “Denial of the right to be seen outwardly, as one might feel inward. Perhaps Gumb has found other ways to obtain their goal,” Hannibal said, looking at Jack as he pursed his lips. “They chose Will, if indeed this is our culprit, and in order to find out why him, we need to look at the common ground. Do they share connections, other than the fluidity?”

Jack stared at Lecter for a long moment. “You know Graham better than I do, so you tell me, *do* they share those connections?”

“I know Will, but I do not know Gumb. If they do, I would recommend questions begin with Matthew Brown. He likely did not take Will’s rejection in favor of me well at all,” Hannibal answered, holding his gaze on Jack’s, not intimidated by his gruff exterior in the least. If anything it was amusing, and a shame that he needed his help for the moment. How fun it might be to play with him later.

Jack took down the name with a pen on a pad of paper and handed it to a detective near him. “Get me a number please.” He turned back to Lecter. “So, a few leads anyway. Nothing concrete, but it’s not nothing.”

“I'll continue to scour the city, and report anything of use to you,” Hannibal said with a nod in the affirmative. He would destroy anyone who may have hurt or taken his beloved beauty.

“You’d do well to let us do the work, Doctor Lecter. It’s our job,” Jack insisted as the detective gave him the paper back with a number and address. “Looks like Brown is on our list first.”

“Yes, certainly,” Hannibal said, though he fully intended to proceed as he pleased. “Tell me then, what *may* I do?”

“Any leads you have or figure out you give to us. You’re welcome to come with us to Brown’s,” Jack offered after seeing the look on the doctor’s face. He’d be the same way if Bella was taken.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said and finished his coffee, pulling out his keys. There wasn't any way he wouldn't be involved in finding his beloved Will. “I will do just that, Agent.”

Jack gave Lecter the address. “I’ll meet you there and you’ll wait for me before we talk to Brown.”

“Very well,” Hannibal responded with a nod, narrowed eyes looking at Jack as he took the address and went to his car to get in and head out.

Jack spoke to his team and then got into his car. He drove behind Lecter and parked at the house address given to him. Jack got out and walked to the door, knocking twice. Hannibal was right behind them, as Matthew opened the door.

“Can I help you?” Matt asked a smile on his face, his tone calm and complacent.

“Mister Brown?” Jack asked, showing his badge. “I’m with the FBI. We have a few questions about your friend Will Graham.”

“Come right in,” Matthew said and bowed a little, gesturing before he stepped aside. He righted his stance, his shirt open as he scratched his chest and looked at Hannibal. “Is he okay? He hasn't called me in a while.”

“Will Graham is missing,” Jack said, not giving Hannibal the chance to answer that. “Word has it you two didn’t end on good words.”

“That happens all the time, one loves the person they’re dating, the other doesn't…” Matthew said quietly, shrugging and covering his mouth with his hand, and looked from Jack to Hannibal, then back again. “I haven't seen him, the Doctor is the one who spends all Will’s time these days. Has *he* seen him?”

“If I had, we would not be here now, in this flimsy excuse for a home,” Hannibal said calmly, very much annoyed.

“Gentlemen,” Jack insisted, giving the doctor a pointed look, and then back to Brown. “Do you happen to know a Jame Gumb?”

“Yeah. We're seeing each other off and on,” Matt answered, standing back with crossed arms. “What do they have to do with this?”

Jack shifted his jaw. “He’s--” Jack started, but Hannibal’s look corrected him, “They’re on our list. There’s now a connection.” Jack’s phone jingled and he looked at it, a text from

Zeller. “Tire prints came back for a van that happens to match the make and model Gumb’s.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed slightly and he burned his gaze into Matthew, who offered him a smile as Jack looked at his phone.

“Well if there's nothing else?” Matthew said quietly, not acting surprised in the least but not showing much else either.

“No, unfortunately, you’re a suspect still,” Jack said, a knock at the door behind them, and Jack let the police in. “For now, these gentlemen will be staying with you. Enjoy your afternoon.”

“I wouldn't hurt Will,” Matthew hissed and then cut his crazed eyes to Hannibal, challenging him silently. Hannibal was the one to quirk a slight smile then, a promise of a future conversation behind his eyes.

“Good day, Mister Brown,” the good doctor said and then followed Jack out.

“That guy is… something else,” Jack said as they walked out. He shook his head. “Gumb lives just outside of town.

“Where exactly?” Hannibal asked, not letting the urgency color his tone. He placed his hands into his pocket, head canted.

Jack texted the address. “We’ll go check out the place. See what’s up, but without a warrant, my hands will be tied. We can get a good idea by talking to...them.”

“As you say, yes,” Hannibal agreed and thought it a bit inconvenient to have Jack there but it might prove useful also. He could make it work. “Shall we then?”

Jack nodded and went to his own car, once again following Hannibal. Hannibal went to his, got in, and started it up, heading towards the home of where he felt his beauty could be. Half an hour out of town, they arrived at the seemingly quaint house. Jack got out and slammed his car door shut. Strolling up to the house, Jack checked every spot he walked, took in every crevice, every window pane.

Hannibal was right behind him, also assessing in his own way, inhaling the air, eyeing the changes in decor. He waited for the Agent to knock, hands in his pockets. Once Jack knocked there was no answer at first, so he tried again.

“Jame Gumb?” he called through the door.

The door opened after another minute and a person with a big balding spot answered the door, looking surprised. “Yes?”

“FBI, I’m Agent Crawford. We have a few questions about your whereabouts last night?”

“Do you have credentials?” Jame asked, looking at Jack, speaking quietly, leerily, through the partially opened door. They looked at Hannibal and then back to the Agent. “And who is he?”

Jack showed them his badge. “Real enough?” He took a glance back at Lecter. “This is Doctor Lecter, he’s helping me out in the case. Can we come in?”

“Do you have a warrant?” Jame asked, their speech relaxed like they were high on something. Behind them, Precious barked, at their feet.

“No. We don’t. We’re not here to search, we just want to talk,” Jack insisted. “A few questions about the bar you went to last night.”

“What about it? I go there sometimes,” Jame answered, looking at Hannibal, who was watching them with keen eyes. “No law against that is there?”

“No, no, not at all,” Jack said, shrugging his shoulders. “Someone went missing, we’re checking in with everyone at the bar last night. See if they know anything. That’s all.”

“I didn't see anything strange, but if you have a card, I'll call you if I remember anything,” Jame said, offering a little smile as a moth flew out of the house, towards Hannibal. “I was pretty drunk.”

“And you drove home?” Jack asked, incredulously. He gave Gumb his card, pulling it from his jacket pocket.

“I wouldn't be the first to do that, now would I?” Jame sassed, knowing it was all too common these days and they were safe from any judgment since it was after the fact.

“Not at all,” Jack said and looked down the drive. “That your van? You drove that home?”

“Yeah, I drove it home,” Jame said, tiring of the conversation. They had things to do. Their gun wasn't far away but they maintained patience.

Jack gave the doctor a look and then nodded. “Thank you. That’ll be all for now, thank you for your time.”

Hannibal and Jame held eyes for a few seconds, neither speaking before Hannibal turned and walked away. Jame didn't utter a word, only a smile in their eyes, before closing the door and locking it.

“The van is parked awfully neat for someone who was so intoxicated,” Hannibal said, once they were out of earshot.

“Oh, I don’t believe him for a second,” Jack said as they walked back to their cars, stopping at the van in the drive. “I need the warrant to search the house. I only need a reason for a cop to traffic stop them when they go out.”

“Yes,” Hannibal nodded, his hand gripping the blade in his pocket, but his face stayed as calm as still waters. “May I do anything else to be of assistance?”

Jack was writing down the plate numbers to pass along, see if they could get anything at all. “Not at the moment. I’ll try a few more leads, but I might suggest you go check on Will’s dogs.”

“Yes, that was next on my list,” Hannibal nodded again and then withdrew his keys. “I'll contact you if I know of anything else, Agent. Thank you.”

Jack nodded and got into his own car, making a few phone calls as Lecter drove off.

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Once more a bucket was lowered to Will, more bread, just a meager amount, and a bottle of water, conditioner, and lotion. “It rubs the lotion on its skin, it does this when it's told. It also sprays the conditioner in its hair.”

Will sighed, doing as told not to be sprayed down again. He set everything back in and drank the water this time, but left the bread.

“The police came to check on it. They will never find it. It's mine now. Not Matthew’s, not the handsome Doctor’s who was just here,” Jame taunted, pulling it up and petting Precious.

“Do you just want my hair? You can have it,” Will said, hopeful, as he sat back, not looking at the person above him. It was all too uneasy down there and he was quickly losing himself inside the blurring contours of his mind.

“I want its hair, its scalp, and its face,” Jame answered as Precious barked once, a squeaky thing from the white fluff ball.

“Oh…” Will said, mostly a whisper, barely even a word otherwise would come out. He wrapped his arms around his legs, holding them to his chest. It wasn’t the first time he’d been held up by a psycho, but it was the first someone wanted his… face. Even still, Will could feel their own unease, the dysmorphia they felt in their own skin, a need to take someone else--a lot of someone elses-- and make themself anew.

Jame said nothing else and then left the room, shutting the light out to leave Will in total darkness as they went to his sewing area. Will was left alone, and stuck all to himself, trapped in the many corners of his mind.

***

Hannibal went to feed Will's dogs and felt a deep sadness there. It didn't seem right, his scent was present, the dogs, and all his things, but no Will. Just as Hannibal finished and walked onto the deck to get some air, after tidying up the mess in the cabin, he felt a sting in his shoulder. The doctor spun around, pulling out the dart, and saw Matthew Brown there, smiling. It acted quickly and left Hannibal no time for action, the world soon faded to black. When he came to, he was on a cross-like device. It was clearly homemade, arms bound by rope and broken broomstick with a noose around his neck, just in his boxers as his wrists bled. There was Matthew, gun in hand, shirt open as he looked at him and smiled. "Judas had the decency to hang himself for his sins," Matt said and then ticked his head to the side. "But I thought you needed help." Hannibal shifted on the bucket he stood, sweat covering his body as life began to slowly drain out of him. He didn't respond, merely craned his neck and watched. "This is exactly where the expression, kicking the bucket came from. You could end it now, spare yourself the humility. It would all be over. A choice." "Hobson's choice, another

old phrase," Hannibal rasped, his voice strained. "You offer me that liberty and yet you've taken it from Will. Was your jealousy really so bad that seeing him harmed felt good?" "Will just needs time to realize he and I are meant to be," Matthew pointed out. "To realize we are a mated pair. Jame is keeping him for me. Letting him think. Now you won't be the one to save him. I will." "You believe he will want you after this and once I'm dead?" Hannibal asked, curiosity there but no fear of his own death. He was concerned for Will. "Oh, I'm not saying he'll be happy at first. But he will. Now. I'm going to ask a question and want you to answer honestly. I'll know if you're lying, or even if you don't vocally respond, your pupils will tell me," Matt said with a grin. Hannibal remained silent. "Have you ever killed someone?" Hannibal opened his eyes wider, and stared at Matt, pupil dilating to indicate a yes. "Ah! I thought so, yes. You just... had that look about you," Matthew chuckled, eyes wild and beady. He stretches his arms out wide then, continuing to smile as Hannibal smirks slightly. "One predator taking down another. Guess we see who the better is. You're below me. I'm flying above and soon, Will will be at my side." Just then, the door to the steam room they were in opened and Hannibal saw Jack coming in, Matthew turning around. "He's got a gun, Jack!" Hannibal managed to shout out.

Crawford shot Matthew in the shoulder, and then again, taking him down quickly as he ran to Hannibal and quickly got him down, shoulder the Doctor's weight as paramedics and cops swarmed the warehouse.

"You're lucky I had your phone tracked," Crawford said unapologetically as he sat Hannibal down and let the paramedics tend to Hannibal. "It would seem as though I am," Hannibal said, staying still and calm. "I nearly died. I would have if it weren't for you. Thank you, Jack."

"You're welcome," Jack murmured and undid all the ties on Hannibal, letting the paramedics work on stitching the doctor's wrists up. "You were gone for a while before we found you."

"I'm not even sure as to how long it was," Hannibal said and then snapped his head up at Jack, everything coming back to him harder than before. "My Will, have you found anything out about him?"

"Not yet. The judge is looking into it before he grants me a warrant," Jack sighed. "It's been about a day."

"Yes, of course," Hannibal said, looking at the mediocre stitch job on his wrists. "I need to get home, to rest. I trust you'll keep me informed?"

"You lost a lot of blood, Doctor, is it a good idea that you skip the hospital?" Jack asked.

Likely not, Hannibal mused, but he had to get to Will. "I know my limitations. Should I feel worse I shall go?"

Jack looked at the medics who didn't seem to want to let the doctor go, but they nodded and handed him a form to sign. Hannibal signed, looking at his vitals on the machine, and then stood. He was weak, but he had to save his beloved.

"I'll be in touch, Jack. Thank you."

Chapter 6

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

When Will woke next he was out of the well with a light over him, strapped down to something cold and metallic. He squirmed and writhed in anguish, trying desperately to get off the table. They had meant it--they wanted Will's face and hair and this was almost looking like an operation theatre.

"Soon it won't be able to move," Jame said, continuing to refer to Will as 'it' to keep that disconnect. Their sympathy didn't plague Jame that way. "Shouldn't be too difficult."

"You have no idea what you're doing. Skin will… start to deteriorate without proper care and living on someone's body," Will tried to insist, the fear was ever plaguing him, but he couldn't even tremble as his body started to go numb. "Listen, I understand you. I understand what you want, what you need. I could help you, find the right doctors…"

"Shut up! I googled it! You...*it*, doesn't know anything!" Jame yelled, banging their fist on the tool tray, sending some items falling off and clattering on the floor. "Oh, no, no...look at what it made me do!"

Will squeezed his eyes shut, willing himself to just lie still and say nothing else. There was no convincing, there was nothing to be done. He'd tried to beg his way out the first day, then pleaded the second, he was starting to see that Jame was not going to be convinced. It was, honestly, too bad, as Will had nothing but empathy for Jame, honestly wanted to help.

Once Jame was convinced Will was unable to move, they put a blood pressure cuff on him and then grabbed the scalpel. "It keeps its mouth closed, understand? Blink if you do."

Will blinked once, mouth closed, for fear of making his fate far worse. God, he only hoped Hannibal wouldn't be the one to see him like this, that someone would have decency in them not to let him when they found his body. Will held back a soft sound from his throat, swallowing hard.

Jame gripped Will's face once they saw the blink and started with his left cheek, below his ear, cutting an inch down before realizing they were already messing up. Blood trickled onto the floor and in their frustration, went to the boy's brow. They could scalp just fine, they'd done that before, so they cut across his forehead, below the hairline, about two inches when they felt the sharp sting of a needle go into their neck.

"What… who?" Jame began, dropping the scalpel and falling to the floor. The last thing they saw was Hannibal Lecter standing over them.

"Will, can you move?" Hannibal asked, undoing the straps and assessing the damage.

Limp, Will stared up at Hannibal. “No,” was all he could manage out, blood dripping down from his head into his eyes where the scalpel had started to cut.

Fortunately, there were tools at hand that Hannibal could use to stitch Will up. “Vile. They did a poor job at cutting you. Of course, I would have preferred it not happen at all,” he said, trying to keep Will present more than anything. He cleaned the site, disinfected it once he'd given a warning, and began to close up the incisions as Jame laid unconscious on the ground. He would tend to them later. “I apologize for taking so long to get to you, my beauty. There were complications.”

Will could feel nothing, thankfully, eyes closed as Hannibal worked, listening to the sound of his voice, afraid Hannibal might disappear. He looked fine, save for his clothes, tattered and worn now, muddy from being sprayed down a few times. His hair was beautiful as always, and skin glistening, though muddled up with soon-to-be scars.

Hannibal finished and applied bandages to the areas, looking at what Will had been given. “You will be able to move in about an hour or less, likely less,” he said and then leaned down to kiss his lips once. “I love you, and we can both recuperate together on your boat or my home, but first there is the little matter of Gumb here to attend to.”

“Police?” Will asked, allowing himself the moments while Hannibal worked to gaze at him, and even more when he looked at Will like that.

“Eventually,” Hannibal answered, and once he was done with tending to Will, he pulled over a chair, lifting Jame in it. It was a hard feat, and he popped a stitch in his wrist, but he really needed to redo them anyway. Looking over his shoulder at Will, he smiled. “They were going to defile your beauty, humiliate, and murder you. That cannot be left unpunished.”

“Hannibal,” Will murmured, unable not to watch, his body slowly coming awake once more, but nothing would move.

“Close your eyes and choose not to observe if you must, my love, but this moment is the clearest in our relationship,” Hannibal said, his eyes darkening as he grasped the scalpel and began to cut off Jame’s face. It woke them, but they couldn't move either, they could feel everything. Their eyes widened, a scream gurgling from his throat as blood poured down their jawline and throat.

“You were seeking transformation, were you not, Jame? The moth? I am merely doing you a favor.” The exact transformation they had wanted, no, but it was one, either way, one Hannibal thought well deserved for their trespasses. He peeled the flesh away, a sickening, wet, sticky noise reverberating in the room. He looked up to examine Will briefly.

The brunet watched Hannibal, his stomach solid as steel. This he could take to watch, this he could endure. This is where he found Hannibal at his most glorious, seeing the beast inside of him for more than the sexual appetite Will had seen.

Seeing Will’s eyes, feeling his approval, Hannibal snarled a little and then scalped Jame, not gently, but viciously, and finally, removed their tongue. He removed the evidence from the scene and finished the tableau by placing a Moth down Jame’s throat, and scalp in their hand.

Their face he put back over where it had been, there and yet not. A mockery of change, a failed becoming.

With that handled, Hannibal washed his hands and picked Will up carefully, minding his wrists but mostly making sure he was okay.

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Hannibal took them back to Will's boat. He'd considered going to his home but had stopped on the way there to get supplies and medicine, knowing his beloved likely wouldn't have everything they'd need. He thought it best to go to the boat so his beauty could be with his dogs and they could also drift out to sea if need be. He got him into bed and kissed his uninjured cheek. "I'll give you something for the pain, Will."

"I'm okay," Will insisted, all feeling back in his limbs, though keeping his own weight on his feet wasn't working, so he opted to lie there where Hannibal set him.

"An antibiotic shot then, if nothing for pain, and I must insist on that," Hannibal said, considering the dirty conditions of Jame's house and the improper medical procedures.

Will nodded, the ache around his face and scalp was a lot, but he would manage it, take it, stubborn. "That's fine."

Hannibal got two injections ready. One was a mild pain killer to aid him anyways. He gave him both and kissed his mouth. "You should start to feel better shortly."

"Thanks," Will said, fingers wrapping around Hannibal's wrist, turning it to look at the stitches. "What happened?"

"Matthew happened," Hannibal smiled, and then looked at his wrists. He needed to restitch them. "He shot me with a tranquilizer gun and attempted to crucify me so he could save you himself. He was aware of Jame taking you but not what his full intentions were. Agent Crawford came to my aid."

Frowning, Will's eyes hooked on to the ragged stitching. "I'm sorry, Hannibal… pulling you into all of this--my world of crazy."

"Nonsense, my beauty. I got here all on my own," Hannibal whispered and kissed Will twice. "Let me tend to my wrists and I shall prepare us something to eat. We can spend the rest of the time recovering together."

"Do you need help?" Will asked, rolling to his side carefully, watching Hannibal. He was worried about what might happen now if they might catch Hannibal for killing Gumb.

"No, but thank you," Hannibal smiled, not wanting Will to stop resting. Pulling out the items from his bag, he began by cutting the poorly done stitches first, doing it correctly after he disinfected the area. "Actually I may need assistance in bandaging them once I've finished the task."

“I would think bandaging would be the easiest,” Will snarked softly, never letting his gaze leave Hannibal. He was sure he was going to die, never to see Hannibal or his dogs again. To have them all back left him worried for what was to come.

“It is, yes but doing so one-handed will prove a bit challenging,” Hannibal chuckled, but he could do it on his own if need be, it was more to accept his beauty’s offer of kindness. Nonetheless, he was very glad to be with his sassy beloved.

“I’ll help,” Will whispered, pushing himself to sit up, the boat’s light sway unkind to his throbbing head.

“Be careful, Will, the pain medicine I just gave you will need about fifteen more minutes to take effect,” Hannibal said and gave him a smile.

“I’m okay,” Will insisted, “I’ve taken care of myself for years.”

“Perhaps, but I'm here now,” Hannibal reminded, finishing his stitches and then pulled out the bandages.

Will took the bandages and steadied himself to wrap Hannibal’s wrists with them. He thumbed over each one once he was finished and sighed. “Do you suppose they’ll figure out what you did to Gumb? Considering I’ve gotten away.”

“I do not think so, however, we could leave, if you're concerned. We could take this boat and never look back,” Hannibal said, nodding his thanks to Will.

“Just… up and leave everything behind?” Will had no issues with that, he had nothing set in stone here, but he knew Hannibal did.

Hannibal had always had a plan in place in case he had to leave. The important thing is that he and Will were together. “Yes. I would love to show you Florence.”

“My boat does sail,” Will said, gazing up at Hannibal. “Are you at risk of being caught?”

“Though I didn't leave evidence, I will be questioned, yes. Especially given the link to you,” Hannibal answered, honestly. “And while I do not think they will mourn his passing, the manner in which I killed them will raise a red flag.”

“I will, that’s true,” Will said, well aware given his background. “And… you’ve killed before like this. In a similar manner.”

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, no point in lying. He reached over to take Will’s hand, kissing it softly, and meeting his eyes. “So we leave then?”

“Yeah.You should get anything you might need first,” Will suggested, not sure how much time they had.

“It won't be much, I can procure new items once we arrive at my villa in Italy,” Hannibal explained. “I wanted to feed you but we can do that once we're out on the open seas.”

“Food is my last thought,” Will said, though he hardly ate the days in Gumb’s well, his stomach protested the thought with an angry growl.

“I'll go and procure my things, and then come back swiftly. Do you wish to accompany me or wait here?” Hannibal asked, getting up to look through Will’s food. He made him a quick sandwich for now at least.

“If you need my help, I’ll come with you,” Will said, taking the sandwich. “Otherwise, I’ll sleep.”

“Sleep,” Hannibal decided, wanting Will to rest. He got his keys and coat, walking towards the door. “I'll be back soon, call if you need me, Will.”

“Don’t be long,” Will yawned, wanting to dress to impress his beau when he returned but the second Hannibal was gone, Will’s head hit the pillow and he was out.

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Hannibal came back a couple of hours later and loaded his personal effects onto the boat. He'd come in a cab, having left the Bentley at his home. Likely Jack would put two and two together but leaving the car at the dock was a sure-fire way to confirm.

“Will?” the doctor called out, speaking softly as to not startle him away.

Having not slept in days, Will was out cold still, curled under the blankets, stripped bare since he thrashed around in his sleep. Hannibal walked over quickly and stroked Will’s curls, minding his injured brow. “It is alright William, you are safe. I'm here now,” he whispered.

The brunet opened his eyes for a moment and looked at Hannibal with a sleepy smile. “Back? I should get up and get us undocked.”

“If you tell me how I can do it for you,” Hannibal offered, thinking it couldn't be too difficult, that and his ego refused to think there was something he couldn't do.

“I got it,” Will insisted, getting to his feet for the first time since he was given the medicine by Gumb, taking Hannibal’s hand for help.

Hannibal nodded, and embraced Will, letting him feel his warmth and security. It has been traumatic for him, the doctor knew, so he felt it a worthwhile way to spend a moment. “I love you, mylimasis.”

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders and let the doctor hold him, not sure he could convey yet everything that happened, not even sure that it mattered now. “I love you, Hannibal.”

Humming quietly at that, Hannibal rubbed up and down his back, kissing him softly before letting go. “We should go.”

Nodding, Will let go and pulled on a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and then set about the boat to lift anchor. He walked outside and let the dogs off for a moment to pee and then

herded them back in as he cast off the rope from the dock. He started up the boat engine and off they went, into the setting sun horizon.

While Will had done that, Hannibal had prepared a proper meal, but still simple by his standards. He set the table and walked out onto the deck. “Would you prefer I bring your supper out here or inside?”

Getting their course straight, Will looked over his shoulder and he pulled the sails to the direction he needed and roped them off. “I’ll be right there.”

“Of course, Will, take your time,” Hannibal smiled and went back inside to finish getting their food on the table.

Five minutes later Will came in, the boat in gear, and headed on course. “I was really hoping to get to use this on the sea someday. Glad we get to.”

“I'm quite pleased as well,” Hannibal smiled and took his fork. “Simple pork with a cherry glaze, new potatoes, and steamed vegetables,” he explained.

“Smells delicious,” Will hummed and sat down at the small table. “Thank you for cooking.”

“You're welcome, Will,” Hannibal smiled, taking a moment to appreciate his beauty, inwardly and outwardly. He was quite courageous.

Smiling, Will ate quietly as he was lost in thought for a few minutes, and then looked at his plate. “I don’t know what I would have done if you didn’t show up.”

“That makes two of us,” Hannibal said, after swallowing the bite he'd been chewing. He was glad Will was talking about the subject now. “I knew the moment I laid eyes on Jame that they had you.”

“They wanted to be a woman, They’ve killed others,” Will whispered and took another bite. “They were making a suit of their skin, and my face and hair was the last bit he needed.”

“I surmise that they likely wished to impress Matthew,” Hannibal stated, sipping his sparkling cider since they both had medicine surging through their veins. “Seeing how Matthew could not let you go.”

“So much so he let them take me,” Will sighed, forking at his pork thoughtfully.

“He told me he wanted you to have time to see you two were destined to be together,” Hannibal explained, taking another bite. “Of course having me out of the way was first on his own personal list.”

Will wanted to be disappointed, but Matthew had always been an odd bird. “Of course he did. He’s… obsessive.”

“Yes, quite,” Hannibal agreed and wiped his mouth gingerly as the dogs padded about. “He's been taken to the BSHCI where he will recover from the gunshot wounds and will receive care under the infamous Doctor Chilton.”

“Good,” Will stated, giving no more feeling to it than that. “He needs to be there.”

“Indeed he does,” Hannibal agreed, finishing his meal and following it with more of his beverage.

Will set his fork down and looked over at Hannibal, longer curls falling past his face. “Thank you for looking for me… I’m not sure anyone else would have.”

Hannibal reached out and took Will’s hand, stroking it with his thumb. “I will always find you, Will, no matter the circumstances.”

“I’m very lucky,” Will whispered, threading their fingers together, clasping hands.

“I would argue that it is myself who is fortunate among us, but I'll spare us the argument and state that we both are,” Hannibal smiled, gazing at Will lovingly.

“Thank you,” Will said, still very much trying to wrap his mind around the situation he had gotten himself into, that he was fortunate to be alive at all. “I want to say that’s not the strangest thing I’ve ever encountered, but I think it tops the rest.”

“And you may speak with me of the details, should you feel inclined to do so,” Hannibal offered, giving Will’s hand a squeeze and then letting go. “You may experience trauma from it, but I will guide you through.”

“They kept me in a well in the basement,” Will whispered, glad it had only been for a few days, and not weeks, or months...

“I only wish I could have prolonged their suffering,” Hannibal said quietly, wanting nothing more than to have done the same to Gumb. “I'm sorry you had to endure that. It's no place for you.”

Will had felt bad for them, for being misunderstood, being denied to get to be who they wanted to be. Will wished there had been another way to turn them into the person they’d dreamed of being. “I’m just glad they can’t do it to anyone else. I can’t imagine where the others are that they took skin from,” Will sighed.

“Likely scattered around a large area, weighted and dumped. They will turn up eventually,” Hannibal surmised, curious as to how many there had been.

“They’ll be found soon enough I hope,” Will whispered, well aware now they were both wanted, as well.

“Yes, I suspect they will,” Hannibal nodded and finished his meal, swallowing down the cider. “If you're finished I'll attend to the dishes, though you've not eaten enough for my liking.”

Will stared at his plate and picked his fork back up to take a few more bites. “I had only bread to eat the last few days, my stomach must have shrunk.”

“Yes, it would have,” Hannibal nodded, appalled at the conditions on which Will had to exist for that time. “Starving you to loosen your skin, or perhaps just for pure spite since they were going to take your face and scalp.”

“Both,” Will sighed and pushed the plate away, apologetically.

“I recommend eating in three-hour bursts until you're accustomed to filling it up,” Hannibal suggested and gathered the plates. “How is your pain?”

“It’s alright,” Will said with an agreeable nod. He stood from the table and leaned instead by the window to watch the waves, making sure they were on route.

While Will did that, Hannibal went to the sink, deciding to sketch the image he saw there later. His beauty was absolutely breathtaking. The doctor minded his wrists and began to wash the dishes. “When you require more medicine, let me know.”

“I likely will not ask for it,” Will said with a knowing look over his shoulder at Hannibal.

“Yes, just as I will insist you take it anyways,” Hannibal chuckled, knowing their dynamic but he liked offering anyways. It was courteous.

“Be as insistent as you like,” Will hummed and took a seat, the waves rolling his stomach a little too much for his taste.

“I will, and at this moment I am going to insist that you take something for your nausea,” Hannibal said, and put the last plate into the drainer, wiping his hands.

“What do you suggest?” Will asked, head canted just so as he watched his beau, reality of this situation not yet settling over his mind.

Hannibal went to his bag and pulled out a bottle of pills, he handed one to Will. “I suggest you take this. It will help with the aforementioned.”

“Another pill,” Will sighed and swallowed it down with a glass of water, brows raised at Hannibal.

“There's nothing wrong with turning to medicine when you're in need,” Hannibal commented, putting the bottle away.

“I’d rather smoke,” Will said with a beseeching smile.

Hannibal wrinkled his nose at the thought and gave Will a look. “That would hardly help either one of us in the long run.”

“You’ve never smoked?” Will laughed. “I don’t do it often, just when things are too much. I won’t if you don’t like it.”

“I did once, and that was all it took to let me know it wasn't for me,” Hannibal said and then smiled when he heard Will’s laugh. “I wouldn't tell you what to do, but do not expect me to kiss you right after.” He winked at Will and shook his head.

“I might have to make edibles then,” Will said with a coy grin. So Hannibal wouldn’t get high with him any time soon, that was fine.

Not by smoking, but Hannibal wasn't opposed to the other alternatives, more to observe and participate. “That would be fine or I can bake it into something.”

“Those are considered edibles, Hannibal,” Will chuckled, and moved to stand near him, padding barefoot across the wood planks in the floor.

“Forgive me for not knowing the popular drug lingo, mylimasis,” Hannibal chuckled and then hooked his arms around Will’s shoulders, gazing at him.

Will was silent, watching Hannibal’s gaze on his own, arms around him tightly. He leaned in. “I missed you, I worried about what would happen to us after all of it, if there was us if I was even… living.”

“I missed you, Will. Immensely. Nothing that you went through could have changed my feelings for you. Not even death,” Hannibal promised, whispering the words as he embraced his beau.

“I’m sorry you had to save me,” Will said, brows raised. “I was stupid and coerced by a dog.”

“Do not apologize for that,” Hannibal said, almost sternly. “Your compassion is beautiful, Will, even for a dog.”

“It’s a terrible weakness,” Will sighed, gazing up close at Hannibal. “Even still, I will make it all up to you.”

“Compassion can be inconvenient, at times, yes,” Hannibal said and ran his hands down Will’s sides. “You owe me nothing. The mere fact that you are here before me is payment enough.”

“You’re too good to me.” Will kissed Hannibal for it, slowly, using him to hold himself up.

Hannibal held the back of Will’s head, his fingers in his long locks as he kissed him slowly. Masculine, feminine, and in between, he loved him more than he could ever express, which given his talent for words, said a lot. “I wish to always be, Will. To walk hand in hand in this life together. Officially.”

“Are you… saying you want to marry me?” Will asked, quietly, breathing with Hannibal as they kissed.

“I had planned on asking you in a more fitting manner,” Hannibal said and then let Will go long enough to produce a simple, yet elegant ring from his breast coat pocket. He got down on one knee and took his hand. “Will you marry me, Will?”

Will blinked, large doe eyes bright with excitement. “Yes,” he said, left hand out. “Are… are *you* sure?”

“There is nothing I have ever been more certain of than this, and of *you*,” Hannibal promised, smiling up at Will as he slipped the androgynous style ring onto his finger.

“Then yes, a million times yes.” Will tugged Hannibal to his feet and wrapped his arm around him, not minding all their stitches as he kissed him, long and passionately.

Hannibal embraced Will, full-bodied, and canted his head to massage their tongues together; he was happier than he could recall. “I am truly fortunate, Will.”

“Aren’t we both,” Will mused.

“Yes, we are,” Hannibal conceded, and gently kissed Will’s mouth.

“Do you want to marry in Florence?” Will asked, gazing at Hannibal up close as they shared an easy kiss.

“If it pleases you, I would very much like to do so,” Hannibal smiled, fingers threading through soft curls.

“I should think it would please us both,” Will whispered, preening into Hannibal’s touches. “I’ve never been.”

“It shall please me greatly, rest assured,” Hannibal whispered back, tracing Will’s jaw, carefully. “There are many wonders to behold there, so much I wish to show you. Florence is where I became a man.”

“Is it then?” Will smiled, resting their faces together.

“It is and it shall become the place where we blurred together, forevermore,” Hannibal rumbled, kissing Will’s perfect nose, and then his lips.

“Sounds wonderful,” Will whispered against Hannibal’s lips.

“Our home can be as garish as we choose, though it is already well decorated, I wish to add some of your personal tastes there as well,” Hannibal offered, and sucked his lower lip into his mouth.

“My personal?” Will asked, not sure that his taste was much of anything special at all.

“I merely wish for you to be comfortable,” Hannibal answered, knowing Will might want a vanity or perhaps certain colors to suit his androgyny.

“I’ll see to it when we get there,” Will suggested.

“Excellent, my beauty,” Hannibal smiled again and gave him a wink. “We should sleep soon, once we’re out far enough.”

“Soon. I’ll go check.”

Chapter 7

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

A week in, Will was scruffy, and with no port in sight for a bit, he rummaged through a few things, wanting to look his best, and feeling prickly was hardly what he was on the inside. He found shaving cream and a new razor and sat them down next to Hannibal on deck along with a bowl of warm water. Will crawled into Hannibal's lap, wearing only a button up white shirt, half undone, and a pair of lacy red panties.

"Hi."

Hannibal's eyes widened at the sight of Will in that; he hardly wanted to focus on the razor, but he was a controlled man. Still, his hands slipped inside and up his shirt, just to feel his skin. "Hi indeed, my beauty," he crooned and then moved in to kiss him lovingly. "I must point out that you, dressed like this, makes it hard for me to focus on anything else."

"I know," Will said, as though it were some test, to see how easily Hannibal's resolve would crumble for him. He straddled the doctor and kissed him reverently, letting him touch anything and everything he wanted. "But I'm prickly, and in need of pampering before I can think about giving anything else."

"I am the one who wishes to give, and it shall start with the pampering," Hannibal smiled, and kissed him once more before reaching over to get the razor and the shaving cream. "Face first, and then the rest, hm?"

"Yes," Will quietly replied, keen blue eyes watching Hannibal's every movement. "Face then we'll work our way down."

"My thoughts exactly," Hannibal winked and then put the razor down just long enough to spread the cream on Will's perfect face, careful in his ministrations.

"I want to be completely smooth for you," Will whispered, eyes closed as Hannibal's hands warmed the cream to his face. "I have some lingerie I've been meaning to wear for you."

Hannibal growled a quiet sound, showing his approval there. He took the razor in hand and angled Will's face. "Both notions are ones I am eager for. Your smooth, perfect skin, and the garments that shall temporarily house it."

"Should you find yourself unable to resist, and shred them with your teeth, I expect to be bought new ones when we get to Italy," Will murmured, still as a statue as Hannibal began to shave his face in fluid sweeping motions.

"You'll have new things there either way, my beauty, however I do like the idea of ripping them off with my teeth," Hannibal murmured, continuing to shave Will's face, wiping the

excess cream, and rinsing. After he dried his face, the doctor ran the back of his hand down his cheek. “Beautiful. Now, to get this shirt off of you.”

Eyes hooded, Will puffed out his chest a little, the few buttons done up nearly bursting with the effort. “All yours.” He undid the last few buttons and shrugged the short off.

Hannibal couldn't resist and leaned forward to flick his tongue over one pink nub, suckling it, before he moved back. “Now then, where were we? Ah, yes, here,” he said and then raised Will’s arm, lathering up under it after warming the shaving cream.

Will thoroughly enjoyed the doctor's attentions on him, hand pressed against his neck as Hannibal got to work. “I should have you do this for me all the time.”

“It would be an honor, Will,” Hannibal assured, removing the hair from the first arm, and then going to the second. “I am just thankful the seas are calm and merciful.”

“I wouldn’t ask you to if we were in the middle of a storm,” Will teased, head cocked to the side thoughtfully, hair pulled back to keep out of the way as the wind whipped around them gently.

“A naughty tongue you have there, Will, I may have to find a way to occupy it later,” Hannibal teased back, keeping the razor clean, as well as the site he was attending to. He finished the other arm and dried them. “Your beautiful legs next, I believe.”

Both arms and under arms done, Will leaned back and offered up his legs, cock half hard under his lacy panties. “Legs and then… everywhere else.”

“I decided to save those for last,” Hannibal whispered and then ran his hands from Will’s thighs to his toes, not missing the bulge in his panties. Beautiful. He focused and commenced lathering the left leg. “You are a work of art, Will, as I've said before.”

“I like hearing about it,” Will whispered, biting his inside lip.

“Then I shall continue to remind you how much of a treasure you are, mine,” Hannibal rasped, and then drug the razor up, against the grain carefully.

“Only yours,” Will said, watching Hannibal through long, dark lashes, enthralled with every bit of him.

“Good because I do believe these legs and every other part of you possess me completely,” Hannibal said, rinsing the blade and going again.

Will hummed, leaning back on his palms, basking in the afternoon sun. “Will you miss your work back in Baltimore?”

“I'll miss parts, but I will soon find something else,” Hannibal answered, finished with the left leg, and beginning the right. He looked up at Will, and smiled. “That does not mean I am regretful of our decision to leave. Our life together far outweighs my curiosity over the human mind.”

“You still have my mind to pick,” Will offered with a chuff. He teased,“So long as you don’t try to eat it.”

“I couldn't bear the loss of you,” Hannibal assured, grinning as he continued his work, “but I enjoy eating other parts of you in lieu of your glorious mind.”

“Mm,” Will hummed, his cock twitching in his red panties.

Hannibal finished and then set the razor aside, wiping Will’s legs until they were clean of residual hair and cream; he leaned down, picking his leg up and rubbed his lips over his calf as one hand slid between creamy, muscular thighs. “*Mm*, indeed, my darling beauty.”

Will laughed, toes wiggling. “Now for your favorite.”

“I could hardly pick a favorite amongst such a bountiful buffet,” Hannibal winked, and pretended as though he just might eat one of those dancing toes.

“Eat them if you want, but without them I cannot look nearly as good in the outfit I have picked to wear for you later on.”

“Well we can't have that. Your precious toes are safe for now,” Hannibal stated with mirth in his eyes as he looked at the last area he needed to attend to.

“Take these off,” Will said, lifting his hips in a tantalizing waggle.

Hannibal licked his lips and hooked his fingers under the waistband of Will’s panties, slipping them off as his senses were flood with the sweet scent of his fiancé. “Much better…”

Will licked his lips, bare to his husband-to-be, the sun shining elegantly down the slope of his hips chest and hips. “Much.”

The doctor ran his palm up and down Will’s thigh, and around his groin, avoiding his cock, even if he wanted to pressed his face against the area. “Very well. First things first, hm?” he said and went right to it. He warmed the cream and applied it around the shaft, starting to very carefully remove the new growth of hair.

“Perfect,” Will groaned, biting his lip with anticipation. He’d never let anyone else do this before, but Hannibal was very skilled and patient. Will could think of no other perfect person for the job.

Once the area around Will’s perfect cock was smooth, Hannibal lathered up his beloved’s balls, starting to remove the hair there. “Mm, you are.”

“You’re very good at this,” Will whispered, his sea blue gaze dark on Hannibal, his length hard in his grasp, unable to help the erotic swirl of lust that began in his core.

Hannibal was hard, which was evident by the tight, bulging outline in his trousers. He rinsed off the razor, tongue sweeping over his teeth as his eyes focused on Will’s plump testicles. “Thank you, Will, I would never wish to harm you. My steady hand comes from years spent as a surgeon.”

“It shows,” Will whispered, biting his bottom lip with a seductive smile as he watched Hannibal.

“Does it then?” Hannibal rasped, his tone flirtatious and deep as he finished up there, wiping him clean afterwards.

Once cleaned, Will shifted to his elbows and knees, turning around to present his ass to Hannibal. “One more spot, if you don’t mind.”

Razor on the table, Hannibal kneaded Will’s cheeks, giving one a light smack. “Not at all, I quite like this position,” he rumbled, biting his lower lip. The doctor lathered between his ample flesh, running his finger down it. “I am going to enjoy partaking of you soon, Mylimasis.”

“Are you?” Will asked, teasingly coy over his shoulder, humming a little groan.

“Yes,” Hannibal husked, and then began to slowly remove the hair there, his mind running on several trains. “Once I see this outfit of which you speak.”

The younger man hummed, stretching out just slightly, his back arched carefully not to disturb Hannibal’s ministrations. “It’ll be well worth your efforts and patience.”

“I have no doubts there, my beauty,” Hannibal responded, cleaning the razor and then going to the other cheek, licking his lips as soft, smooth skin became more visible.

Dropping his head, Will stifled a soft moan, fingers curling into the deck chair and his toes splayed wide, tensing to control he wanton hips. Hannibal finished, using the cloth to gently wipe Will clean, and then set the tools aside. He leaned forward and kissed each cheek, trailing the tip of his finger down his part, to his smooth sac.

“Perfect.”

Will arched into every touch, toes curling. “It is.”

Hannibal tapped Will’s pucker once and then backed up, letting his other hand trailed off his plush cheek. “I do believe I was promised a bit of a show, hm?”

Will slipped off the chair and then smiled over his shoulder at Hannibal as he made his way back inside. Twenty minutes later, he was fully made up and in a strappy, black see through mini dress, a bralette and lacy panties underneath, and heels.

The good doctor uncrossed his legs, leaning forward as he watched Will come back out. His heart beat faster with arousal, excitement, the beast stirring in its cage, and bowling. “The sun and moon are envious of your stunning beauty, for they know they cannot compare to your radiance, Mylimasis.”

“Let them be,” Will whispered, leaning up against the door a moment and then pushed off, toward Hannibal once more.

Hannibal didn't move, he wouldn't, not wanting to miss even the slightest motion from Will's magnificent body. "I shall do precisely as you say, my ethereal beauty, my exquisite sea nymph."

Will sat himself over Hannibal's lap, sideways, ankles crossed as he wrapped on arm around his broad shoulders. He nuzzled into his face, smelling slightly of the sea and grease from fixing something on the boat earlier.

Hannibal hooked his arms around Will's waist, not mind the scent, as it was uniquely his. He smiled, then leaned in to kiss his lips softly. "Here is where I always wish you to be."

"And where I will always be," Will whispered, resting their faces together and kissing Hannibal three times.

Cherishing each one, Hannibal hummed, his veiny hand sliding up Will's smooth thigh, just above the hem of his mini dress. "Good, though soon I shall relocated you elsewhere. I find my patience to be inside of you wavering, my decadent treasure."

"And heaven forbid the sea see our intimacy," Will whispered, wanting nothing more than to feel his beau come inside him, to be one.

"Then we can stay right here, let the waves sound out their jealousy that they cannot touch what I can," Hannibal whispered back, and undid his belt, metal clanking, and then the sound of his zipper that followed.

Will got to his feet to let Hannibal undress himself, moving to the rail of the boat, leaning up against it. "You could do me right here."

Hannibal was nude quickly, and he walked unashamedly over to Will, pressing against him as he held him by the waist. "Then I shall do just that, my beauty," he murmured, his hands sliding down and under his fiancé's dress.

Will groaned, leaning against Hannibal, ass against his crotch. "I hope so."

"One moment, do not move that beautiful behind of yours," Hannibal said, giving it a smack as he walked over to grab some lube from the cabin. He came back swiftly and set it down close by. He then got down on his knees, proceeding to lick and kiss from his ankles to his panty line. "You are flawless."

Writing at the touches, Will leaned over further, ass out toward Hannibal. "You tease me…"

"I'm merely savoring you," Hannibal husked and then tugged at Will's lacy underwear with his sharp teeth, letting it go with a pop. "However I do recall you mentioning the method in which you liked these lovely panties removed…"

"Yes," Will groaned, hands on the rail, fingers tight around it, trying to hold on to his sanity while Hannibal teased.

Hannibal couldn't wait any longer and he ripped the panties from from Will's body, with his teeth, and put them aside. He pressed his face between his cheeks and began to lap hungrily,

his hand snaking around to find smooth balls, and his beauty's cock, which he began to stroke. Will groaned, none too softly, and spread his thighs further for Hannibal, calves strong and tense.

"Hannibal…"

Hannibal's unoccupied hand, slid up those shapely leg, to Will's cheeks, where he spread them and began fucking him with his very deft tongue, growling out his delight. "Will…"

Writhing back on Hannibal's tongue, Will squeezed the rail tighter in one hand while the other went behind him to keep Hannibal just there." Oh god, that's-"

Taking a breath, Hannibal responded, "Yes, quite," and then went back to it, spearing him open hungrily, tasting him to his very core. He thumbed over Will's head, milking the precome out of the slit.

"Oh…" Will managed another low moan, cock hard against Hannibal's palm, leaking down his fingers.

Hannibal gripped Will's hip and pulled him against his face, that little 'oh' driving him insane with want. He snarled, teeth scraping against soft flesh and finally let go of Will's cock to slick up his own. In one swift movement, he was on his feet, and spun his beloved around, hoisting him up onto the railing as he held him with a strong arm and pressed his cock inside his ass without preamble. "Do you trust that I will not let you fall?" he asked, the words rumbling from his lips in a rich, deep timber.

Will's hair blew in the breeze like the waves themselves, holding tight to the rail and then Hannibal with one hand. He nodded slowly, excitement and lust rushing through his veins. "Yes."

"Good, because I shall never allow that, nor any other harm to befall you again," Hannibal promised and quickened his pace, balls thudding wetly as he fucked his fiancé passionately, nipping at his perfect Cupid's bow.

"Never ever?" Will asked, leaning back a little to take Hannibal in deeper, his head lolling on his neck, whipping around his face.

"If I am physically able to stop it, I will," Hannibal groaned, holding Will around the waist and under his ass as he snapped his hips up against him relentlessly. "Ah, William-"

It was invigorating, and just what Will needed after being at sea for so many days, cooped up. Wind in his hair, everything felt perfect and free as his body worked up a delicate heat through his lower back. "Hannibal…"

Hannibal claimed Will's mouth, the pads of his fingers digging into creamy skin hard enough to leave little bruises as he pounded into him over and over. "Good, is it not?" he rasped, huffing hot breath against his fiance's mouth.

“Perfect,” Will replied, hurting so good he wanted it to never end, but the boiling in his loins spurred on the moment, and his limbs started to quake and quiver.

“Mm, yes,” Hannibal growled, and bit Will’s plush lower lip, tugging it ferally. His own release churned in his core, his balls starting to draw up.

The bite did it, sending Will right over the edge, he came, cock trapped between them as he held on to Hannibal’s shoulders, grinding down on him, spurting against their chests. “Hannibal-!”

Will coming so debauched like that brought out the beast and he bit down on his neck, jackhammering into his ass, snarling and tasting copper on his tongue as he grunted. A few more pumps was all it took and he came hard, the orgasm lasting long for someone his age. “Will-”

Squeezing himself around Hannibal, Will kissed the taste of blood from his mouth and tongue, breathless as they came to a halt, waves crashing against the side of the boat. “I love you.”

“And I, you,” Hannibal whispered, one more grunt when Will clamped down on him. He walked them over to the lounger and sat down, letting his beloved rest atop his lap as he trailed his fingers down his back. “My beautiful one.”

“You walking into my bar was the best day of my life,” Will whispered, keeping close, not yet willing to be parted.

“As it was mine, and every moment since, spent with you,” Hannibal murmured, not wanting to let go either. “You belong to me, and I to you, soon officially.”

“Officially,” Will whispered back, kissing Hannibal’s softly.

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, with his eyes more than his lips, since they were busy peppering kisses on Will’s own.

“Can’t wait…”

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